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The Week

ALTHOUGH an economic conference called by the American government would be powerless to bring peace to Europe, yet some good may be accomplished by the revival of Mr. Borah's proposal. It is extremely desirable to keep hammering into American public opinion the unwelcome idea that the American government must eventually do more than it is doing about the war which has broken out between France and Germany; and unfortunately there seems to be no better way of accomplishing that object than the way Senator Borah is adopting. Moreover it is not merely the public which needs to be more agitated than it is by what is happening in Europe. The administration is no less in need of being stimulated into activity. Not that it could inter-

vene profitably at the present juncture. There should be no intervention until American public opinion is fully aware that the present policy of France will ruin Germany and that the French government intends that it shall ruin Germany. There also should be no intervention by this country except in cooperation with Great Britain. The flaw in the policy of the administration is not its refusal to insist on specific remedies at the moment, but its unwillingness both in its public and private diplomacy to prepare public opinion for the day when it will have to act.

THE opponents of what is known as American isolation are confusing and contradictory in their arguments. They inform their fellow countrymen that the United States is now carrying isolation further than it did before the war, that isolation is impossible, that America and Europe cannot avoid sharing each other's good or bad fortune and yet that somehow, impossible as it is to be isolated, we are now isolated and should cease to be. The choice is predetermined, yet we have chosen wrong. The difficulty is, of course, that they do not sufficiently distinguish between the facts of America's relation to Europe and the public policy which would help to make that relationship more beneficial to the welfare of the people of both continents. No doubt America's isolation is over. But the task of defining the future relationship still remains to be achieved, and the people who protest against the existing absence of the American government from the counsels of Europe do not propose any acceptable and available definition. The problem of the administration is to devise a proposal which would be endorsed by Congress and American public opinion and which, if carried out, would be practical and successful. The Borah resolution is not a proposal of that kind. It ignores the real difficulty by failing to foreshadow the policy which the American government should propose to the conference. Anti-isolationists are much more interested in plunging the American government into the European pot than they are in proposing a measure of intervention which will embody the extent and the limits of the real American liability.

AS yet there is no evidence that the French are winning additional revenues out of their occupation of the Ruhr. On the contrary, they are failing to secure even the reparation coal which formerly was delivered with fair regularity. The notion that when they get their customs cordon into operation they will be able to collect substantial customs revenues looks like a delusion. When the cordon has been established, the Ruhr will be, to the rest of Germany, foreign territory, so far as commercial relations are concerned. The Germans will have to pay for Ruhr coal the cost of production, which will inevitably be high under the disorders of military occupation, together with a duty of forty percent, to go to the French treasury. They can import British coal, paying the cost of production and no duty at all, unless they levy one for their own benefit. They have to find gold credits to finance imports from England. But gold credits will be required also for the duty on coal from the Ruhr. Besides, the Ruhr will not deliver coal without an equivalent in goods or gold credits. What applies to coal applies equally to other products of the Ruhr. A customs cordon is more likely to kill the traffic than to produce a revenue.

BY the exercise of tact the French have kept the strike movements in the Ruhr and the Rhineland from degenerating into general rioting. But the situation is touchy. There is always a grave risk that some hotheaded German nationalist or some hotheaded French lieutenant may precipitate a crisis. Nor are the risks confined to the occupied area. The fever of nationalism is growing in Bavaria, and sporadically in the rest of Germany. The substantial German citizen realizes that a Fascist uprising could lead only to punitive expeditions, air raids and other repressive measures calculated to deepen the gulf of misery in which he is sinking. But Germany has its hundreds of thousands of men with nothing to lose who are looking for a chance to start something. What has held them back is the control of the government by men of moderation and good sense and the pacific cast of the labor organizations. But the invasion of the Ruhr may shake the government to its foundations, and unemployment and hunger may disintegrate the resistance of the workers. Then a determined minority might easily seize leadership and bring on a condition of affairs in which the war would have to be fought again, in detail, with every conceivable atrocity on both sides.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S appointment of Judge Sanford of Tennessee as Justice of the Supreme Court is very much the best which he has yet made. Mr. Sanford is older than he ought to be, but in all other respects he is about as excel-

lent a selection as is likely to come from a man of Mr. Harding's prejudices. He is a sound lawyer and a judge who has tried in writing important opinions to contribute something valuable and original to the interpretation of American law. He has the reputation in his own community of being a liberal and an enlightened man. The chief question about him is whether or not he will be able to stand the severe strain of the work. If a Justice of the Supreme Court cannot deal with the cases assigned to him at once rapidly and well, he has to spend excessively long hours at his desk and unless he is young or robust, he often goes to pieces. Judge Sanford is not only an elderly man, but he is accustomed to working in a leisurely way. He may find it difficult to adjust himself to the exigencies of his new job, but in attempting it he deserves the sympathy and good wishes of his fellow citizens of all parties.

MR. JAMES A. EMERY, counsel for the National Manufacturers' Association, argues vigorously for the relaxation of the immigration laws, to permit the importation of alien labor under contract. Naturally he would limit the application of any such provision to cases of actual labor shortage, demonstrable to the satisfaction of the Department of Labor. But this would leave the main problem untouched. An actual shortage of anything so general as common labor is largely a matter of price. There may be a shortage at three dollars a day and none at all at four dollars. Any industry that will pay the price can get all the common labor it wants. Shall the Secretary of Labor say at what point the rise in wages shall be checked by opening the gates to immigration? Mr. Emery believes that it does common labor no good to have its wages raised by competitive bidding. "As it obviously expands prices, it creates dissatisfaction rather than content by actually lessening purchasing power." Few disinterested persons will either see that or believe it.

APPARENTLY the American proposals for the refunding of the British debt are more liberal than we have inferred. "From an official quarter" in Washington it is reported that the American commissioners suggested three percent for ten years and three and one half percent thereafter until the last of the debt should be paid off, at the end of sixty-two years. Accrued interest from the time of the contraction of the debt to the date of funding should run at four and one quarter percent, instead of the five percent originally agreed upon. If the debt is to be treated as a purely business transaction we do not see how America could be expected to offer terms much more liberal. The increase to three and one half percent at the end of ten years need not burden the British if their pre-war credit has recovered by that time. They

can borrow at three percent and pay off the whole debt, if they choose to do so.

CHANCELLOR BALDWIN appears to belong to that class of Englishmen who should never be entrusted with any business dealings with America. His assumption that it is lack of enlightenment that makes the representatives of the heart of America reluctant to go as far as the British would like in the debt refunding arrangements betrays a curious misapprehension of the character of the American nation. We are not a British colony. If England and America share a common language and culture, and are capable at times of common ideals, they are none the less nations with separate, often sharply competing interests. In the late war Americans and British fought side by side to overthrow German military autocracy. That was America's sole objective; its attainment was the only benefit America asked for, or got, out of the war. It is not unknown to America that England sought and received whatever she wanted in Africa, Syria and Mesopotamia, nor that she was active in seeking the largest possible share in the German indemnity and must be held chiefly responsible for inflating the sum through the inclusion of pensions and separation allowances. Say that she did this under the passions of recent fighting; she has not to this day renounced any of her particular gains. This fact is an insuperable barrier to America's treating the war costs as a common burden and hence to the remission of Allied debts. All that the British can ask of us is that we should make the terms for interest and repayment as easy as sound financial considerations would permit. And apparently our commissioners exhibited a willingness to do so.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN and the New York Times find great satisfaction in the extinction of the Baluchitherium, "the supreme illustration of the failure of mere mass," so thick-skinned that it could be indifferent even to the terrible sabre-toothed tiger. Those miserable creatures, our ancestors, whatever else they were, no doubt were regarded by the Baluchitherium with the contempt we bestow upon the rats. Our stock was provided with one weapon that would have made the Baluchitherium snort with scorn, the capacity to talk, out of which such powerful structures as the Times were destined to grow. "The radio communication from Japan heard in this office on the very day when Professor Osborn was describing the fossil failure is significant." Extremely. But isn't it possible that man, too, has too much mass, and insufficiently subtle means of communication? May it not be fated that we, too, shall have to give way at last to the one mammal that we are unable either to exterminate or enslave, the

rat? The rats lack articulate speech, but they are extremely competent in communicating important news. They have already evolved to the point where they have race prejudice, bubonic plague and war. Who knows? The time may come when rats will edit a New York Times and write sagely about the terrible monsters that used to inhabit the square caves of Manhattan; monsters so thick skinned that they had no fear even of the terrible sabre-toothed cat, who often inhabited the same caves. The world will have another proof of the failure of mass to serve the ends of self-gratulation.

COMMANDER OWSLEY thinks the time opportune to deliver the support of the American Legion to the French in whatever they undertake to do in the Ruhr. Suppose that the French find themselves tangled up in a new war, which cannot fail to plunge their finances into a desperate state, what will Mr. Owsley do about it? Will he deliver to France the actual military and financial support of the American nation? Or will his military effort take the form of oratory? So far as we know America, its mood is one of Never Again. Mr. Owsley's advice to France is to go as far as she likes and take all the consequences. The possible consequences are sufficiently grave to make it doubtful whether such advice comes from a friend or from an enemy.

WITH ill-concealed glee the New York World publishes its report of a recent occasion when Mr. F. N. Shepherd, Executive Manager of the American Bankers' Association, in presenting Senator-elect Royal S. Copeland at the dinner of Group Seven, introduced a false voice into what might otherwise have been a perfect rendition of the fugue of big business. Mr. Shepherd himself announced the familiar theme: The railroads, the public utilities and the big corporations are not owned by "millionaires" or by "Wall Street" but by millions of people who hold stock certificates. The real capitalists are the bondholders, the savings bank depositors and the 71,000,000 owners of life insurance policies. Once arouse these people to the fact that their interests are the objects of attack and they will make short work of the demagogues and politicians who deceive them. Education for the masses is the solution. Dr. Copeland failed apparently to realize what the laws of counterpoint demanded of him. Instead of the proper response he played a little tune of his own, which must have fallen discordant upon the ears of Group Seven. "It is the people in high places who do not inform themselves! You do not realize the amount of discontent in this country. In so far as this discontent is based on the unreasonable attempts of those in authority to get labor at whatever they want to give, I am heartily in sympathy with it."

The Logic of the Ruhr

TWO vast political forces are grappling in the Ruhr. On either side there is a fixed determination to win, and to compel the antagonist to acknowledge defeat. The French have fully made up their minds to do whatever they may need to do in order to prevail. The Germans are resolved to endure whatever must be endured in order to have their way at last. This is war, as military authorities would apply the term. Civilians may fail to recognize it as such, because they have become accustomed to thinking of war in terms of its striking incidents: sanguinary battles, bombardments, sieges. The military view of war goes straight to the essentials: a struggle without bounds or limits between organized political forces claiming sovereignty, in which each participant strives first of all to break the fighting will of the other. Battles, sieges, bombardments may at times be the only means employed in the struggle; blockades, commercial boycotts, diplomacy, propaganda may in special circumstances serve equally well as means of attack and defence.

War; and at a time when the whole world is broken and weary from the last war. How could matters have come to such a pass, in four brief years? By the simplest logic conceivable. It was written in the Treaty of Versailles—not in words, but in the more cogent implications of the settlement—that war should be called in as the only practicable method of amendment and adjustment to the actual conditions of Europe.

The peacemakers must have been aware of the fact that the reparations clauses of the Treaty could not endure. A state victorious in war can take from the vanquished existing lands and goods. It can levy a ransom proportionate to the credit that remains to the vanquished state. It lay in the power of the Allies to seize the Rhineland along with the Saar and Alsace-Lorraine and to expel the German population. Or the Allies might have calculated the maximum sum that Germany could raise by internal and external loans and have demanded that as the price of peace. Such procedures might have been just or unjust; they might have rankled and created a thirst for revenge, but they would not have rendered the renewal of war inevitable. What the peacemakers actually did was to place Germany in a tributary relation from which she could not escape, legally, within a generation. This meant that every year there was to be a chance that Germany would not pay: hence at each period of payment a potential conflict of national wills. To make matters still worse, the tribute was fixed beyond the reasonable capacity of Germany to pay. This meant that a continuous conflict should be waged between creditor and debtor, the former insisting that Germany was able to pay more, the latter contending that her ability was less. If the

Germans were all angels, they could hardly escape the temptation to evade paying; they could not possibly escape the accusation of evasion. If the Allies were all angels, they would be tempted to gouge, and they would certainly be accused of gouging. But neither the Allies nor the Germans happen to be angels. The Allies have persistently sought to gouge Germany. They have heaped up occupation charges, which by the Treaty represent an addition to the indemnity. They have systematically undervalued goods delivered in lieu of cash. The Germans have sought as persistently to evade. They have not taxed the great captains of industry adequately nor reduced civil expenditures to the lowest practicable limit.

But before we criticize too severely the actors in this drama of conflict and destruction, let us try to imagine ourselves in their places. As rulers of Germany, should we eagerly sponsor drastic taxation and ruthless civil economy when the sole result would be to increase the tribute payable to foreign nations? As rulers of France, should we keep our army of occupation at a minimum when the sole result would be to reduce the sums ultimately chargeable against Germany?

War, even bloodless war, is a colossal crime. But the responsibility, in the case of the Ruhr war, is institutional rather than personal. Not Poincaré nor Cuno, but the Treaty of Versailles bears the guilt for the evils that are now afflicting Germany and France and the greater evils that may follow.

But was it not practicable to nurse the situation along until a lawful, orderly revision of the Treaty might have been effected? Suppose that America had been represented in the Reparations Commission; might she not have kept the Commission from pronouncing the verdict of default that justified France in invading the Ruhr? The open conflict between France and Germany might have been staved off for the time. But there was no legal way in which American goodwill could have changed the essential factors in the problem. For the Treaty left no loophole for the legal revision of the reparations total, except by unanimous consent of the powers interested.

Where there is no legal method for adapting institutions to the needs of the time, force inevitably undertakes the work of effecting adaptation. The Treaty of Versailles is out of accord with European peace and prosperity. It is unamendable, by lawful methods. There is then no escape from the logic of force. Force is now operating in the Ruhr. Its effects are incalculable in advance. It may leave Europe in even worse conditions than those imposed by the Treaty. But as for the Treaty itself, it cannot come unimpaired through the strain of the French invasion and German resistance. A new law of Europe—unwritten, to be sure—is rising up to take the Treaty's place.

British Labor in Opposition

THE last four years have given convincing proof that England is at any rate a political nation, and furthermore that its notorious muddle-headedness takes the shape of clear-cut political parties. There is nothing logical in this division as some observers would seem to imply. Political logic is left to France or Czecho-Slovakia where a maze of petty parties is demanded by adherents to particular and subtle differences of opinion. But to many people in England, both Liberals and Conservatives such as Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Asquith have come to stand for the same thing, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Clynes for the other thing. What these respective "things" actually are is left to an evolutionary process of definition. During the last election American newspapers popularly and naturally made Mr. Lloyd George the centre of all movement, whereas he is only useful now to show up in clear relief the real issues which are at stake and the rival attitudes on which parties will divide. He staked his all on splitting an historic division of parties, and setting up an imaginary idol of unity and an equally imaginary enemy, but he has lost. There were those who with little foresight saw a similar failure ahead of the Labor party, but they mistook both the nature of that party and the trend of British economic life.

This is a most significant fact in the light of contemporary party politics both in America and on the Continent. Lord Birkenhead has frankly admitted that he sees no principles in politics and that in the complex state of modern society the statesman is he who can best adjust conflicting interests. Hence his sudden and "statesmanlike" conversion on the Irish problem. Mr. Churchill is undeniably tarred with the same opportunist brush. It is interesting therefore that these three able, brilliant minds should have been left stranded between two parties led by such men as Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Arthur Henderson. Is this a difference of temperament and character or is it possible that the opportunism of brilliance must give way before sober honesty of conviction? It would seem almost as surprising as if a country were suddenly to believe that the meek inherit the earth. And yet something of this nature has actually happened. Toryism and Liberalism had come to mean the same thing, but the leader of this "same thing" must necessarily be a Conservative rather than a Liberal and for an obvious reason. The unwilling and almost unconscious fusion was made necessary because a third party was strong enough to challenge the foundations of both the old parties. But the third party was also the natural heir of Liberalism; this fact made it impossible for any Liberal honestly and wholly to oppose Labor and at the same time assume lineal allegiance to a Conservative party.

Thus in the wholesome and gradual reorientation of parties it will be noticed that two ex-Prime Ministers are in the humiliating position of being not only stranded but stranded in opposition to each other. They have been borne along by a steady current, one living too far in the past and one too high in the clouds to be able to control the present.

While all this is not to say that the alignment is finally drawn between two clearly contending forces, evidence is certainly pointing in one direction—that the Labor party has come to stay. Years of patient research, of local effort, of hard and constructive thinking by individuals and by cooperative work between labor and learning, between the expert and experience, have gone to forge a new social philosophy. R. H. Tawney has inherited the mantle of John Stuart Mill. That philosophy has its roots deep in the system, industrial and international of today. The war by its naked revelation of the ways and methods of the system and by the fuller experience it gave the common man, has given courage and faith to those who believed in a new political philosophy. And now that philosophy, vague as it is, has been caught and (as it were) bottled and poured forth in a political program. Some will belittle or betray it, but it has seized the imagination of too many to be thrust aside or to be made the sport of temperamental opportunism. It can only be honestly opposed by an opposition as honest as itself. That is why Mr. Bonar Law's government was inevitable, that is why it has more chance of producing stability. The party system is on its test. Political action is on its test. The ability of Labor is on its test but what is more important, the future of England is the stake.

All this might have been written two months ago and now we have that amount of time, in fact and experience, on which to draw for witnessing confirmation or denial. A new and even more important session of Parliament is opening. Two or three conclusions are self evident. Most noticeable perhaps is the intellectual vitality of the new House of Commons and the alertness and sincerity of the new opposition, led by an adroit parliamentarian, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Secondly may be observed the process of definition which is coming from facing real issues and forcing integrations rather than perpetual compromise. Thirdly no party can solve domestic questions until the Franco-German situation is relieved.

The concise question is—what policy can any party adopt with foreign markets collapsed and one million and a half unemployed? Mr. Snowden and others, on behalf of that unemployed army, have at any rate compelled the House of Commons to listen to speeches not only telling in every argument and fact but massive in their sincerity. They will not cease doing so until the country realizes unemployment not only as an economic weakness

but as a national and human disgrace. It is this emotional and imaginative grasp of the problem which is the new factor in British politics. And fortunately there are enough experts on foreign policy to describe the real conditions existent in other countries and force home the inevitable moral. Over the heads of the government hangs the fear of nationalization of mines, of a capital levy, a revision of the Peace Treaty, not as academic issues but as full blooded possibilities backed by the voice of democratic opinion. Who will deny the healthy effect of such an opposition? It has been revealed already by the government's stand in Europe and by its advanced unemployment policy. Conservatism can no longer call on its old gods; Sir John Simon and his free liberals are making a desperate bid for power but they are apt to confuse liberalism—a thing permanent and of the spirit—with the Liberal party. He has no fire at which to rekindle enthusiasm. Labor's opportunity is to remain united, to pierce through political camouflage to the vital issues and to apply constructive and unremitting criticism. It will demand a rare discipline and a discriminating patience but it will receive its reward.

Government Ownership or What?

Personally I should prefer that the Government did not have to take over the railroads, but we have not found any effective solution, and, therefore, it looks to me as though Government ownership was the only solution.—*Senator James Couzens, in an address before the Philadelphia Real Estate Board.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago advocacy of government ownership of railways marked a man as a dangerous radical. Socialists, Populists and a few unclassified intellectuals made up the whole government ownership movement. At the present time hosts of conservatives may be numbered among the advocates of government ownership. Like Senator Couzens they turn to it with great reluctance, and only because there seems to be no other way out.

The system of private ownership under strict public regulation has been tried out. We secured effective regulation in 1906 under Roosevelt. Each succeeding administration has added something to our machinery for regulation, and we may now be said to be pretty well equipped, in that direction. Rates and the quality of service, wages and the hours of labor are within the control of the government. Accounts must be kept according to forms prescribed. The relation between the railways and businesses supplying them or availing themselves of railway services are subject to jealous governmental scrutiny. As a result the ancient

evil of discrimination is a memory, and extortionate charges do not appear in the record of railway profits. And yet nobody is especially happy over the condition of our railway industry.

The chief complaint aroused by the present railway situation is that the transportation facilities are not keeping pace with the growth of the country. Traffic congestion is far too frequent a phenomenon. Conditions in the last year have been abnormal on account of the strike, but even if there had been no strike much perishable freight would have been lost for want of cars and traction to move it promptly. The companies and the shippers agree that the country needs more cars and locomotives, more sidings and terminal facilities. Estimates vary widely as to the amount of new capital required to enable the railways to serve the public efficiently. But none are so modest as not to exceed greatly the three-quarters of a billion that will actually be invested in the next twelve months. Even that sum is to be accounted for only by the fact that we have arrears of several years of improvement to make up.

Why is it that the transportation industry of the richest nation in the world should be starving for capital? The railway advocates have a simple explanation. Between the receipts of the railways, regulated narrowly by the government controlled rate structure, and the operating expenses, also controlled as to its chief item, wages, there is not a sufficient margin for profit to make railway securities an attractive investment. The railways can still borrow money on the security of their general assets. But for years they have been unable to raise any considerable amount of capital through the issue of stock. A great many of our railways are already bonded beyond the limit of safety. Such roads can finance improvements only by the process of saving out of revenues. And the revenues are seldom sufficiently copious to enable a railway to keep up with the times.

That, to be sure, is an ex parte view of the case. It is more valid, however, than most ex parte views. The railways are actually encountering great difficulty in securing the capital they need, and a chief reason is that the investing public doubts their ability to earn profits on it. The blight rests on well managed roads as well as on those whose business practice is slipshod.

What are we as a nation to do about it? We must have more railways and better equipment. That goes without saying. Shall we retrace our steps and restore to the railways the privilege of making whatever rates will get the business and restore the element of speculative profit which investors in stocks demand? That is what the railway companies desire. If the railways are to remain a private business, they urge, it is necessary to trust the railway managers, as we trust the managers of other private businesses, with discretion-

ary control of the price of their services. We cannot expect men who are bound hand and foot in regulatory tape to exhibit the initiative and inventiveness that alone justify private enterprise.

And that may be true. It probably is true. But the argument points rather toward the abandonment of private ownership than toward a relaxing of regulation. The mood of the American people appears to be inclined to more regulation of railways, rather than less. The memory of the abuses of the old order of unrestricted private management is still fresh in that part of the country which holds the balance of power in all matters of railway legislation—the Middle West. Imagine the difficulty of convincing the Farm Bloc of the advisability of untying the hands of the railways.

And it is, we believe, a sound instinct that makes the Middle West prefer inadequate transportation facilities to the free exercise of private judgment in fixing rates. The railways are not like any other private enterprise. The public interest in them is paramount. Every inland city draws its life from the rate structure. To leave that structure to the discretion of a group of non-resident financiers is a proposal that a democracy simply cannot entertain.

It is out of the question to create for the railways conditions analogous to those under which other private industries prosper. What then is the alternative? For our own part, we can see none but public ownership. We cannot see how it is possible even to draw a line between conservatives and radicals on this issue. Plain common sense demands efficient railways; and the only chance of our getting them is through public ownership.

We are aware of the host of traditional objections that will be raised. Public enterprise is sluggish; it is contaminated by politics, etc. We might properly be expected to entertain these objections if the issue were one of substituting public ownership for private in a real private enterprise, like the Steel or the Standard Oil Trust. But the issue is one of substituting free public enterprise for private enterprise in chains. Sooner or later government ownership is bound to come, in these circumstances. And the sooner, the better.

In the Good Old Style of 1917-1918

MY FRIENDS: Although it is superfluous for me to say it to you loyal, 100 percent Americans, I cannot refrain from expressing my profoundest regard toward this great group of our representative people, whose intelligence and common sense need no encomiums from me. I come before you as a humble servitor in the great cause that is so near our hearts and, in my feeble way, to

urge you not to digress a single hair's breadth from the sworn purpose of our magnificent crusade, whose task, so ably espoused by the Hon. Woodrow Wilson at ancient Rome, January 3, 1919, "is to organize the friendship of the world."

We have made great strides in these three years in the consummation of that task, and the impressive record may be laid at your feet as a garland—as a symbol of your unsurpassed liberality and unexampled unselfishness, and of your sublime apathy to the material and spiritual well-being of yourselves.

I need not refer to that record in detail for that would be an insult to your intelligence. It would be an impertinence for me to hark back to wealth that has been evaporated without trace into the ether. The result is enough. For I come to bring wonderful tidings of the still greater strides we shall take in the organization of the friendship of the world during the fiscal year beginning next July 1st. I want to interpret to you the very substance upon which we shall draw in that twelve-month in advancing our unrelenting purpose to do this thing magnificently for all mankind.

And lest here or there among you there may be some giving ear to that cynicism which is a favorite pink pose of today, and to convince you one and all to lay credit where it is due, I first direct your attention to the statesmanlike liberality of the Congress of these United States in stamping its forward-looking O. K. upon the appropriations for the work in which we are so whole-heartedly engaged. Congress, let me emphasize with profound solemnity, has nobly provided for this work approximately \$664,000,000 for the year, or in excess of \$55,333,000 for each month from July 1, 1923, to June 30, 1924.

Yes, my friends, this munificence is worthy of your ecstatic applause. But allow me to particularize. Congress has apportioned for the work allotted to our land forces some \$333,000,000; has shown its confidence in our sea forces by granting \$325,000,000, and looks favorably to adding \$6,000,000 for the reconstitution of the instruments of their sea activities so that they may be on a parity with any nation upon the face of the globe. (*A voice: "Our Army and Navy forever!"*)

What does it all mean? Figures trailing off into many ciphers are difficult to keep within the limits of the average retina. Let us, then, look at them in terms of everyday experience. In this work of organizing for one single year the friendship of the world, we shall have at our command undepreciated American dollars which might do any one of these things:

Buy, at \$15 a ton, 44,266,666 tons of coal.

Pay rents at \$50 each for 13,280,000 persons for one month.

Purchase 66,400 farmsteads, assuming that the

average American farmstead is worth \$10,000.

Accumulate 1,328,000 farm tractors at \$500 each, furnishing cheap power to that many of our land-holding toilers of the open places.

Build 33,280 school houses at a cost of \$20,000 each.

Construct 664 magnificent high schools at a cost of \$100,000 each.

Lay miles upon miles of concrete roadways—but why go on? I see that you are most happily touched by this munificence for organizing the friendship of the world upon a scale never before approached in all history. Ah, my friends, you have very great reason to be glad that you are living in this time of peace and plenty, and that you will have the privilege of performing this humanitarian duty, at a rate of some \$6.70 levied democratically upon every man, woman and child, rational and irrational, in these grand and glorious United States.

I regret that my four minutes are up, for I should dearly love to stay and answer your questions and further consecrate your enthusiasm for the wondrous task of organizing the friendship of the world. Mr. Chairman, and you, my friends, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Labor Banks

THE deposits of workers in the banks of the country aggregate from five to seven billion dollars, and the trade unions control fully one hundred million dollars.... This estimate of labor's savings is drawn from a recent report of the National Industrial Conference Board. The mobilization of these funds under the control of labor, the Conference Board goes on to say, "will give labor an enormous increase in power and enable it to influence profoundly all forms of industry."

A little more than two years ago the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers opened the first "labor bank" in Cleveland, and since that date the amount of labor's money actively controlled by labor has been steadily increasing. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Cooperative Bank of Cleveland has recently acquired an interest in a great trust company in New York, and meanwhile other labor banks have been organized all over the country. In all there are nine or ten either in operation now or in immediate prospect. One is at Nottingham, a suburb of Cleveland, where the Nottingham Savings and Banking Company with assets of a half a million dollars has been taken over as a branch of the Brotherhood bank. At Hammond, Indiana, an industrial suburb of Chicago, the Brotherhood helped to start another labor bank by purchasing fifty-one percent of the capital stock of a \$30,000 state bank, increasing its capital to \$50,000 and renaming it the People's Bank. Besides these three which come directly

under the wing of the Cleveland institution, four more labor banks are already doing business: the Mount Vernon Savings Bank at Washington, D. C., belonging to the Machinists' Union; the Trade Union Savings Bank at Seattle, Washington; the Finnish Mutual Savings Bank at Superior, Wisconsin, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Institution at Chicago.

Encouraged by the success of other trade union banking enterprises, the Order of Railroad Telegraphers applied for a bank charter in St. Louis proposing a capital of \$500,000 with a surplus of \$100,000, and a labor bank is about to open at Birmingham, Alabama; at Philadelphia a charter has been procured and funds are said to have been subscribed for the purchase of a trust company; at Pittsburg plans are far advanced towards the formation of another labor bank. Two are planned at Cincinnati—one by the Machinists' Union, the other, which is aiming at a two million capitalization, by the Railway Clerks' Union. Labor banks are in process of formation at San Bernardino and Dunsuir, California; at Detroit by the Maintenance of Way Brotherhood; at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Tucson, Arizona; Spokane, Washington; Dallas and Three Forks, Montana. In all of these the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has a moral interest; in many, it, or its members, have a more substantial interest. Mr. Warren S. Stone, president of the Cleveland institution, declares that it is the aim of his Brotherhood to establish a nationwide system of cooperative labor banks. The success of the institutions already in operation, their departure from the time-honored customs and practices of banking, and the fear of their growth into serious competitors have considerably disturbed the old-line bankers. They resent the entrance of labor into the capitalist field, and they are going to crowd this new competition out if they can—and the principal fight is on at Cleveland.

Thus far the labor banks have behaved themselves in a most exemplary manner; indeed, they could not do otherwise if they would, for they are subject, of course, to the same laws and the same rigid inspection by federal and state examiners as other banks. There is no law, however, which regulates the interest a bank may pay to its depositors nor what it may charge for the money it loans, provided it does not violate usury laws—and here is where the shoe pinches. When bids have been asked from banks for the terms under which they would accept public money for deposit it has often been their practice in the past to get together and agree upon a minimum of interest. The Brotherhood bank at Cleveland has thrown consternation into the old-line group by taking a different view. It said that public funds were entitled to receive the highest rate of interest that could be afforded—that the banks, including its bank, could afford to pay a higher rate than the

3½ percent the established bankers had agreed upon. They offered 4 percent and were awarded the repositoryship of large amounts of county funds.

The Brotherhood bank is not a member of the Cleveland Clearing House as are all the important local banks—it was never permitted to join that organization. Clearing houses are supposed to represent all that is strong and conservative in banking. Playing upon this belief, the Clearing House Association entered upon a subtle though telling campaign of publicity which carried with it the impression that banks not members of the organization were unsafe. Of course no direct statement was made that any particular institution was unsound, but the inference was unmistakable. The president of the Brotherhood bank replied to the long-continued attacks levelled at his institution in an open letter addressed to the Clearing House Association in which he asked the officers of that institution to state to the public the real reason for its existence. "We venture to suggest," the letter ran, "that your primary reason rests on your determination to perpetuate a banking monopoly. This monopoly is based on a mutual agreement of Clearing House banks to regulate the rate of interest to be paid to depositors, and to fix the fees and interest charges to be levied on borrowers. Any bank that fails to conform with your rule is declared outside the pale." The open letter also drew attention to the fact that clearing houses have become obsolete institutions and should disappear, their previously legitimate functions having been taken over by the Federal Reserve banks. To this broadside the Clearing House Association has, so far as we are informed, made no direct reply. It has, however, suspended its campaign of persecution—a point scored by the labor bank—but its influence has been strong enough to obtain the withdrawal of large amounts of public funds which had found lodgement there in response to the favorable interest rate. Although the amount of the deposit withdrawals totaled a million and a half dollars, the labor bank met the demand without embarrassment.

There is an unwritten law which says that the stockholders are entitled to make most of the profits in banking, notwithstanding the fact that it is largely the depositors' money which makes the profits possible, the latter often outweighing the former in amount ten or twelve times over. In this manner the stockholders of some of our large banking institutions have received dividends sometimes as high as 20, 30 or 40 percent a year for years, while depositors have been credited with but two, three or a possible four percent interest on balances. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Cooperative National Bank of Cleveland, and the other labor banks, propose to destroy this "relic of capitalistic privilege," as their literature calls it—and that they are already to some extent

accomplishing their purpose is one of the reasons why the Cleveland Clearing House Association is actively hostile.

The Brotherhood and other labor banks take the ground that bank depositors have never yet received their just dues, and propose to see to it that they are better treated in their institutions. Their idea of cooperative banking is that profits belong just as much to depositors as to stockholders. They propose to pay the latter a maximum dividend of from 6 to 10 percent, when earned, and to distribute surplus earnings to the former in increased interest rates. At the end of the first year of its existence the Cleveland bank had \$10,000,000 assets; repeated federal inspection revealed no flaw in the management and there were no losses. After satisfying all reserve requirements, a 6 percent dividend was declared on the stock, and what is said to be the first depositors' dividend ever paid in this country, one percent, was also credited to every depositors' account, and there still remained a surplus of some \$40,000.

The Brotherhood bank at Cleveland and the other labor banks differ in most other respects but little from banks generally. Because it is a national bank, the Cleveland institution is, of necessity, a member of the Federal Reserve system. It operates a savings, commercial and fiduciary department, and accepts deposits from a dollar up. The capital is \$1,000,000 and the surplus \$100,000. Fifty-one percent of the stock belongs to the Brotherhood as an association, and the balance is owned by its members. In fighting this new institution, its enemies, who fear the threat to their ancient prerogatives, have found that a bank in which labor plays the double rôle of depositor and stockholder promises to be no unworthy antagonist in fighting for its rights in the long privileged field of banking.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Accumulation of Capital

IF saving and the accumulation of capital are the badge of economic righteousness, then this United States of America has set its feet on the straight and narrow path. Two years ago our economic prophets were leaping upon the pyres and crying out and stabbing themselves after the manner of the prophets of Baal. But now the fires have descended and licked up high interest rates and the scarcity of investment funds. Despite the unprecedented outpouring of corporate and government securities, of which the *Journal of Commerce* alone lists four and a quarter billions exclusive of refunding, and the revival of business which was to make a renewed draft upon our funds, the interest rate has remained throughout the year at levels far lower than those which prevailed during 1920 and 1921.

The new securities issued by no means represent the entire demand for new capital funds. The great mass of common people who do not resort to the issue of stocks and bonds in order to get capital have contributed to the demand for funds in order to build themselves homes. We have erected some five billion dollars' worth of buildings during this last twelve months. A considerable portion of these were residences and small business structures which were built with funds other than those derived from the sale of securities. The addition to the capital assets of old line life insurance companies even during 1921 was somewhat over six hundred millions. Every dollar of this consisted of real estate mortgages.

The sum total of our capital accumulation of the year 1922 must be well over ten billion dollars. This is the sum by which our production has exceeded our consumption for the twelve months. The excess of the former over the latter represents for the most part an addition to our stock of durable, tangible wealth in the United States, such as houses and other buildings, additions to factories, public utilities and railroads. There must be included also such durable forms of wealth as machinery, furniture, and the increase in our supply of automobiles and trucks.

The source of these savings, the distribution of their ownership among the population, and their effect upon the general industrial process are matters of interest to everyone who would understand the workings of our economic structure. Ten billion dollars is an immense sum to add to the nation's wealth in a single year. Reduced to a pre-war purchasing power it represents about six billion dollars of the value which that monetary unit possessed in 1913. This sum is half the total annual income of either England or Germany; and it represents three times the annual pre-war savings of either one of those nations. It is more

than the annual increase of wealth in that period of England, France, Germany and Italy combined. This addition to our wealth is, therefore, an accomplishment quite in keeping with our large industrial power.

When we compare it with the national income, ten billion dollars of savings is not such a surprising percentage thereof. The latest estimate of the national income made by the National Bureau of Economic Research was for 1919 and amounted to \$66,700,000,000. The money income of some parts of our industry has decreased greatly since then. Thus the gross value of all agricultural products in that year was \$23,700,000,000. In 1922 it will be only \$15,000,000,000. The net of this industry decreased from \$14,500,000,000 to about nine billion. The total net income of the people of the United States this last year has been somewhat over sixty billion dollars. Our savings amount, therefore, to less than one-sixth of our production. This is slightly higher than but not greatly different from the percentage which most Western nations accumulate as an addition to their capital in times of peace.

In tracing the origin of these savings it is convenient to divide the population into several large groups. There are first of all the people of large means who own corporate and government securities. With these should be included the officers of corporations who receive large salaries and are usually important stockholders. The savings of this class constitute the chief source of the funds which appear upon the investment market. Next may be grouped all others who receive salaries and wages, whether from business enterprises or from governments. Third, come those who operate their businesses as sole proprietors or partnerships. This includes for the most part people engaged in wholesale and retail trade. This class is also an important investor in real estate. And finally, there is the farming population.

The major portion of our ten billion dollars of capital was no doubt accumulated by people of the first group. These are the persons who own securities and who receive the greater portion of their income as interest and dividend payments. The reports of the Treasury show that incomes above \$20,000 consist for the most part of these items. For some groups of taxpayers the income from investments constitutes more than ninety percent of the total amount reported.

Persons of this group have suffered comparatively little fluctuation in their available funds. Corporate profits in 1922 were by no means as large as they had been at the peak in 1917, or even in 1920. But when all corporations are taken together their earnings are decidedly in excess of

their usual dividend payments. The corporate dividends of last year were eighty-five percent of those distributed in the year of highest profits. It is well known to all students familiar with the canons of corporate management that dividends paid fluctuate less than corporate earnings. An examination of corporate policy during recent years shows that in one year our American corporations distributed as little as forty-three percent of their earnings in dividends. In the year 1921 they probably distributed ninety percent. But the absolute amount paid differed but little in the two years.

The interest charges of corporations have not decreased since the peak of profits in 1917. These have increased, although they are not as high at present as they were two years ago. To the interest payments of our business enterprises must be added those of our federal, state and local governments. These have increased enormously during the past six years. As a matter of fact the total dividend and interest payments today exceed those of 1917 by more than one billion dollars. This increase is in excess of the total personal income taxes, including surtaxes, of the past year, which were less than a billion dollars. In other words, our interest and dividend payments to people of large incomes were sufficient to enable them to pay their income taxes and still have left as much as they had in the year of maximum business profits. A certain portion of these payments were made to banks, to life insurance companies, and to other corporations which owned stocks and bonds. But after allowing for all these deductions, some five billion dollars were paid by corporations to individuals. It was only natural that these people were able to make large savings. The interest distributed by the federal government and by our state and local governments amounted to another billion four hundred million dollars. A substantial part of this likewise went into the hands of individuals. The salaries of corporate officers amounted to approximately two and one-half billion dollars in 1920. It is certain that another two billion was added to the incomes of this group in 1922 from this source.

The total incomes paid to individuals from these sources approximate eight billion dollars. Two hundred and fifty thousand people in this group received more than five billion dollars of the national income. With the decline in the cost of living the recipients of corporate salaries and investment incomes have, therefore, found themselves in a favorable position for saving and investment. The savings of these people went for the most part into stocks and bonds. The issue of new securities in this country during the last year, exclusive of refunding, was well over five billion dollars, in addition to those purchased from foreign governments and foreign corporations.

As the security holders of corporate enterprises,

these people also own the major part of the equity in the undistributed surplus of corporations. For where industry is organized so largely under the corporate form as is ours in the United States, a considerable addition to capital accumulation results from the decision of directors to refrain from distributing earnings as dividends, and to invest them in the enterprise instead. The amount added to our national wealth through this form of savings exceeded four and one-half billion dollars in 1916. In a time of depression and small profits, like 1921, it was but little. But in 1922 the amount of corporate savings was in excess of a billion dollars.

When we pass from the recipients of investment income to the great mass of employees who receive wages and salaries, we find that their savings do not come directly to the investment market to any great extent. They reach that market only through institutions, if at all. The three principal institutions which are employed by these classes are the banks, especially savings banks, the life insurance companies and the building and loan associations. Aside from this their savings go principally into real estate investments, by way of payments on land and building contracts or on mortgages. The first two of these institutions normally come to the market for stocks and bonds in considerable quantities. Thus between 1915 and 1920 the banks of the country increased their investment holdings by five and one-half billion dollars; and the life insurance companies by one and one-half billion.

But during the year 1921 the old line life insurance companies parted with several hundred million dollars' worth of their bonds, and put their entire increase in assets into real estate mortgages. It is probable that they continued this policy in 1922. The building and loan associations put practically the entire savings which come into their possession into real estate.

The only institutional savings which came to the security market in 1922 were, therefore, those represented by deposits in banks and trust companies. During the year 1922 the demand from this source has been quite unprecedented. The reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve system alone have absorbed one and a quarter billion dollars of investments. The relation of banking operations to saving and investment is an intricate matter which has never been given the attention it deserves. It is possible to buy stocks and bonds with money borrowed at banks, as well as to buy them from savings. When the relation between short-time and long-time rates is attractive, this is often done. In times of bank expansion such as prevailed between 1915 and 1920, when the loans of all banks increased from \$15,722,500,000 to \$31,256,147,000, a considerable part of the securities issued were undoubtedly purchased out of the credit made available through this expansion of

loans. During the same period there was an increase of five and a half billion in the bonds and other securities owned by the banks of the country. But during the last twelve months there has been practically no expansion of bank loans by the reporting banks of the Federal Reserve system; for all the banks of the country there has probably been a contraction. Yet these reporting banks, which represent forty percent of the banking resources of the country, have acquired one and one-fourth billion dollars of liberty bonds and other securities. The banks were able to make these purchases because their deposits had increased by almost \$1,800,000,000. In addition to purchasing a large volume of securities, they paid off some four hundred million dollars of loans with the Federal Reserve banks. For the country as a whole the purchase of securities by banks during the year must have been well over two billion dollars.

The increased deposits which made possible the repayment of loans to the twelve Federal Reserve banks and the purchase of these investments consisted practically in their entirety of savings, since there was no increase in loans and discounts during the year. Even among the reporting member banks the increase in time deposits for the year amounted to almost nine hundred million dollars. These are not, however, the banks which are used by the great mass of the people as a depository for their savings. All-told the increase in savings and time deposits for the country must have approximated two billion dollars for the year 1922. The demand deposits likewise represent an accumulation of capital, although they no doubt overlap somewhat with corporate surplus. If a company increased its surplus and kept a larger bank balance in consequence, this appeared as deposits and might be used by the bank to purchase securities or to pay loans with the Federal Reserve bank. But no portion of the new securities issued during this year were absorbed out of an expansion of bank credit, for there has been no such expansion.

Life insurance payments are the second institutional avenue through which wage and salary earners make the great bulk of their savings. When we take into consideration the fact that a considerable portion of the payments made for death losses and endowments is reinvested, the institution of life insurance accounts for approximately one billion dollars of capital accumulation. During the last two years these funds seem to have gone largely into building operations.

The total savings represented by the operations of building and loan associations amount to several times the net increase in their earning assets. This increase was \$393,000,000 during the year 1920; \$370,849,650 even during the depression year of 1921, and was larger in 1922. The savings represented by the operation of these associations must have been well in excess of a billion dollars in 1922.

Aside from their savings deposits in banks, their life insurance premiums and their building and loan payments, the savings of the wage and salary earners are devoted to building and real estate operations. The initial payments made in the acquisition of real estate or in the construction of buildings and the subsequent payment of indebtedness run into considerable amounts in addition to those already enumerated.

The size of the incomes out of which these savings were made is of particular interest for the year 1922 as well as for the previous year. We know now that the total salaries and wages paid by industries other than agriculture and by governments were about thirty billion dollars in 1919. In 1920 this rose to more than thirty-eight billion dollars. In 1921 it fell, but the sum of these payments was not as low in that year of depression as it had been in 1919; it remained at more than thirty-one billion dollars. The revival of business in 1922 must, therefore, have increased these payments to at least thirty-three billion.

Many observers had realized that the depression of 1921 was much over-touted. The evidences of suffering among the laboring people, which were so marked in the nineties, were nowhere to be found. One explanation of this fact commonly put forth at the end of the year was that the masses had drawn upon their savings. But when one looked at bank deposits, at insurance premiums, or at building and loan operations, the evidences of decreased saving were not forthcoming. The true explanation was to be found in the fact that the wages and salaries of the depression year of 1921 were less than twenty percent below the peak year which preceded it, and were actually more than a billion dollars higher than in 1919.

Under such conditions the decline in the cost of living made possible a considerable volume of savings in 1921. When the revival of business came in 1922 there had been a still further decline in living costs. The fear of depression and unemployment was still in the hearts of men, and the savings of this group expanded in an unusual manner. Probably at no time have the savings of the great mass of people in this country been larger than during the latter part of the year 1922. The manner in which our high wage payments and the capital accumulation to which they gave rise operated to bring the depression to an end and to initiate a building boom which brought general prosperity with it, will make an interesting chapter in our industrial history when it is finally written. Certainly the notion that a large distribution of the national income among the laboring classes militates against abundant capital accumulation finds little support in the events of the past year.

The two groups which have been in the poorest position to contribute to our capital accumulation are those small business men engaged in wholesale and retail trade, and the farmers. Both these

groups were, however, in much better condition this year than last. The large payments of wages and salaries which have been noted brought about a revival in trade; and after the inventories which had been acquired at high prices had been disposed of, the merchant found his business yielding a substantial profit. His savings have gone largely into the payment of debts and into building operations.

The condition of the farmer has improved substantially. As against a gross value product of twelve and one-third billion in 1921, he had fifteen billion in 1922. While his savings have not been as large as those of other classes, there can be no doubt that they have been substantial during the past year. After all, the farmer has been free from some of the burdens which have beset the city dweller. There has been almost no increase in population for some years in our rural communities. There is, therefore, no rent problem. The farmer produces a large amount of the food which he consumes, and all in all he can contract his expenditures without any great inconvenience. With cotton at \$110 a bale, the southern farmer has undoubtedly saved more this year than for some years in the past. The same is true of the producers of grapes, who sold a large crop at \$60 per ton, and of the feeders of sheep, who had a highly profitable year. It is altogether likely that the six and a half million farmers saved close to a billion dollars this year.

Immediately, the funds thus saved were taken to the investment market, deposited in banks, paid to life insurance companies and building and loan associations, employed in the payment of debt, or used by the corporations or individuals who made them to employ labor and material for the construction of durable goods. Ultimately, they resulted in an addition to the nation's tangible wealth or to our claims against people abroad. The buildings which we have erected, the extensions which have been made to our public utilities and our railroads, the improvements in our highways and pavements, the betterments on our farms, the addition to our stock of durable goods like furniture and automobiles: these represent the capital which we have accumulated during the year. In addition we have imported several hundred million dollars of gold from abroad and have acquired half a billion of government securities. We have also sent some hundreds of millions as immigrant remittances and foreign relief to the needy of other nations.

The sum of these stands as a striking achievement. It should silence most of the jingoist talk concerning the danger of foreign competition to this nation. No nation or group of nations can threaten seriously our economic supremacy. We are within striking distance of an economic order where the means of well-being shall be established for all.

DAVID FRIDAY.

The Principales Speak

A TRAVELLER lately returned eastward writes nostalgically of "the perfect Greek grip" of New Mexico. It is true that even from the train one feels in the sculptured contours of the land more than a sensuous appeal: somewhere, behind the luminous mountain barrier, beyond the shell-pink desert where the sage washes like a faint green wave must reside Ultimate Truth. The Pueblo delegates to Washington are not phrase makers and with a few exceptions represent the element in tribal life that has most adapted itself to American ways. Some of them are probably dazzled by the splendors of lobbies and plush chairs. But I know that in their hearts they are all thinking of the country they have left behind as a place that holds a secret.

This secret does not dwell in Albuquerque or Santa Fé or any other white man's town. It is immanent in those lonely places—bulwarked by high blue peaks like Taos, lost in a red valley like Zuni—where the Ancients built their immemorial adobe villages. The real quarrel between red man and white in New Mexico is that up to now, in spite of nearly five centuries of contact, the Pueblo

is not convinced that the white man's secret, his prescription of life, is as good as the Pueblo's prescription. Government officials, teachers, protestant missionaries have told him that it is better, have tried to make him ashamed of his blanket, his bright head band, his long hair and his turquoise, his "pagan" ceremonies; have sought to stir him to revolt against his system of government where the old rule and guide the young, and men work for and with each other, not each for himself. Yet, deaf to our propaganda and example, the Pueblo goes his own way. Money remains something that you do up in a piece of dirty rag and find useful—in case there is nothing to barter—to buy sheep or turquoise. Not money but corn is the real source of life and wealth and happiness, and communal government continues to flourish without revolution or any other serious disruption, generation after generation, century after century.

A comparison of the potsherds and other archaeological remains of the culture that preceded the Greek with those of the Pueblo civilization indicates that the latter was arrested—and save for minor

"progressions" remains today—at just about the point where Greek culture began. What might have happened to this aboriginal American culture but for the Spanish invasion, who knows? Though it had apparently reached its climax much earlier, it might very possibly have continued to develop on its own spiritual and sociological lines. As it is, the Spanish conquerors, essentially "Romans," in the sense of being men of action and adventure and material gain, did not really conquer this race of primitive philosophers and artists. The Pueblo never accepted Spanish ways, or after them the far more domineering and self-satisfied American pioneer ways. He merely lived beneath them, preserved his own ways under the glass of his resistance to them. His spiritual heritage has no more been "quieted" than his terrestrial heritage. His whole effort, in an alien world, has been to hold his own; to live with and for his people, as his Ancients did, by corn and rain, by plastic arts and the dance, on pieces of ground consecrated in his eyes and his lore by such use. And corn, plastic arts, rhythmic ceremonials are to him, as the white man's ends and aims are not, the sublimation of his spirit, the fruit of his prayers, the core of a living religion.

How profoundly the Elders of every Pueblo tribe live and think and pray for their people it is impossible to know without a stay inside a tribal village; or how truly benevolent and magnanimous they are towards the white race that has given them little of the same sort of benevolence. I think of the three or four Council meetings which the melting of the surface of Pueblo life in the common cause of saving Pueblo lands and waters has brought me the privilege of attending; what chiefly emerges from the smoke of corn husk cigarettes, is a hurt, deep-seated as a mortal wound, which has yet produced no bitterness of spirit. Perhaps that is the gift of the mountains and the central peace they bring. The wound in the Pueblo heart has been inflamed by years of broken pledges, by suspicions born of an infinite number of betrayals of trust. Yet no word of hate fell from the lips of sages and chiefs.

The most beautiful of the meetings was a small one called by the inner circle of a large and vigorous Pueblo tribe, one of those where there has been little white influence. No other white person was present, and the eight or ten elderly or old men were all priests as well as chiefs. They sat in a half circle, wrapped in black blankets, black bands about their gray or white hair hanging loose on their necks, turquoise in their ears—and each fine head, and dark, lined face etched against the whitewashed wall, stands out for me like the head of some ancient ruler on an antique coin, highly individualized, yet sign and symbol too. A more proud and responsible set of rulers, a more inward-looking and spiritual group of religious leaders I have never seen in any land. The news I spoke,

on a subject they wished to have intelligence of, was translated by a tribal interpreter. The play of expression on the faces was all I had to go by. The chief priest, pivot of the half circle, who, unlike the others, wore a bright red shirt and a red band on his snowy head, was short and plump and very old; he listened clear-eyed, and eager and simple as a child. The second, who sat on his right, might have been an Ancient of New England: strong, tolerant, humorous, full of sap as a dark old pine. But there were stern, detached, intellectual faces too, and one like an old Catholic bishop whose visage was bright with communion with the Great Spirits.

At every break in the Indian interpretation there was a moment of concentration, then a chorus of grave assent. When I had finished the chief priest said something which gave longer pause. The interpreter hesitated, then repeated: "The Principales have a message for the white people, write it down."

So the chief priest began, and after him each other in turn, dropping his chin on his breast and breathing his words with the gentleness and monotony of a prayer. These dictums had a rhythm of poetry, the balance and repetition of religious ceremonial. They sounded to my ears like a sort of traditional Noh of the Pueblos, and such part of them as I quote here—in the language of the interpreter, with a few verbal revisions—is, I believe, universal to them all:

First Priest:

We have met here, we are the Principales of this tribe, we are the fathers of all the Pueblos, we are leaders, we are in charge of the tribes from as far as the sun rises to where it sets in the west. Whether they are poor or rich, still we always pray for all the people who exist in this world. We always pray for everyone and we pray that our people raise good crops to support themselves, whether they are in desert or in irrigated fields. We always pray that these inhabitants may have good seasons of rain.

Behold, this is what we desire: to continue our spiritual life. And we are glad that our friends are working with us, helping us because this bill is trying to destroy all our spiritual life and religion. We hope we shall succeed by all uniting in action.

Second Priest:

We care for our land and waters, we are always in hope that nobody will interfere us from our rights. So we can live happy forever. So our land will always be worthy to us and also our people. So we can be good friends to the white people.

This is all we ask.

Third Priest:

We have the first right in the world. We are the first Indians who existed in the world. And yet our friends, white people, have been crowding us last hundreds of years. Our stock is in need of grazing places. Though we are poor, we are not supported by any part of the country or any person. We are doing our best to support our people. And in this way we always want to live in peace.

Fourth Priest:

We have existed here as Pueblos, we are the Principales, we have been dry farmers since the beginning and we depend upon the rains to raise our crops. All the time we are in prayer that we shall have enough rains for our crops, we are not helped by any other helpers. Our people are always in good feelings with each other in order to have more success in worship of the rains for years coming.

So we must hold our original rights, our lands, our people.

Fifth Priest:

Behold, we want to hold our self-government, and we are all in care of these Principales and officials who are standing for us. They are the ones who guide our people. This is all we ask. So have we been happy down to this day.

Sixth Priest:

My fathers, the Principales, behold, they all depend upon me. I am the keeper of our spiritual life and the care of my children has been handed down (in my family) from generation to generation.

We thank our friends for helping us in our troubles because of those who try to destroy our spiritual life which we hold dear.

Behold, our creation history tells we lived in desert, being near no water. Fully we believe in our prayers, our constant prayers for rain. We do not want our prayers to be destroyed. We the Principales agree to this matter, that this precious religion should never suffer harm.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

The Creativeness of Error

I KNOW a man who can hear everything but music. Of course he hears the notes and can distinguish them. Indeed, he claims that his hearing of sounds is so well trained and acute that he can isolate the contribution of each instrument in a great orchestra. But a dog could do that even more surely, and with no more sense of exaltation. How do I know that in his private ears the music never rises serenely above the din of discrete sounds? I've watched his face and the slight movements of his neck and shoulders and arms. There is no music in his soul; else how could he sit so inert, without ever a flash of eye or gleam of smile or shadow of discontent? He is not a statue: I've seen him at the ball park when a pitcher wrought a miracle. But he is laconic about baseball. About music he is eloquent. He knows exactly how each thing has been done before, is being done now, and should be done. He has powerful convictions about the origin, function and destiny of music. He will relate music for you to psychology, anthropology, mathematics or what you will. Some day he will write a book on music that you will have to read, whether you like it or not. He will count as a significant factor in musical criticism, and who knows, he may warp

the current of music itself out of its predestined course.

I know a woman who lives and breathes in music. You can tell by the dilating pupils of her eyes, by the ebb and flow of color in her cheek, by her half parted lips, by the rhythm of her breathing. Indeed, when the music is divinest, she is music herself, except for an iridescent transparency of personality vibrating with the current of sound. She has no theories of music to offer you. She will never figure in the history of musical criticism. She will never be an Influence. If she would only tell you what she experiences! But she does not. She cannot. For the experience after its kind was perfect; and what remains to tell? Or, if the music was bad, it was terrible, also an experience perfect after its kind, leaving nothing over.

I know a psycho-analyst, or a psychologist as he prefers to call himself. In reading what is in the minds of those about him he is the most obtuse man I know. His mismanagement of personal relations is notorious. Internecine strife rages perennially under his roof, meaninglessly, inconclusive strife over nothing and less. Any gamin on the street could give him more practical information about himself than he could ever get with all his expert methods. Yet he has written learned books about himself, and about all men, which are taken seriously by thousands of readers. They read, believe and shudder and never suspect the truth, that this man does not know a state of mind when he sees it. I know a historian—more than one, in fact—who won distinction by writing in perfect good faith accounts of the origin of the Great War that any level headed stevedore would see were preposterous. I know a political scientist of renown who is utterly incapable of grasping the meaning of political forces.

I might extend this catalogue of my personal observations, but I refrain, lest I be taken erroneously for a cynic. Rather, let us pass in review some facts that are of knowledge common to us all.

There was a Greek philosopher who thought he saw that all things were in flux. He could not see the things that were not, and for this half blindness he became immortal. Another half blind philosopher won immortality by failing to see that change is not wholly an illusion. Would Plato ever have towered so high above the common lot of thinkers if he had really come to grips with his Ideas? Would Hegel have written a *Philosophy of History* if he had understood history? Would Marx have written *Das Kapital* if he had really grasped the function of capital? We should have missed that splendid, dithyrambic French Revolution if Carlyle had understood the forces that through generations had been remorselessly drawing France toward the cataclysm.

Observe, in these cases, and in multitudes that the reader can name himself, it is not a matter of

strength flawed by weakness. The blindness, obtuseness, ignorance, are the very kernel of greatness. It could never have come into existence without them.

And life is like that. It is not only greatness that has blind error at its core, but all action. Do you wish to hit the bull's eye in the target? Then be blind to sun and sky, to the flowers that star the grass, the breezes that inflame your cheek and the impulses of love or hate that surge within. Be blind, except at one merest slit in the gray wall of day time purposes, and you will win. Could you kill an enemy in battle, if your mind were open to the reasons he has to justify his belligerency? Could you kill even a rat, if you got his point of view?

To be blind; that is the prime duty of active man. Brick up all the windows of your soul and leave only the keyhole in the door to admit a ray of light. You can not use light in a flood, but only in a narrow beam in which the motes, vastly magnified, dance out a fictitious drama of the universe. What you would be worth for action if you did not blind yourself to almost all experience, you can see for yourself, if you take stock of your mind when your purposes are relaxed and your mind is free, as at one of those moments when you have awakened from troubled sleep, awakened sufficiently to reflect, but not to move. A far distant tower clock tolls two. The sound is more faint than any whisper; it is big as the darkness itself in your unsealed ears. The sound dies away and you discover that the silence of night is not silence, but an infinitely complex texture of sounds, as if all Nature was turning over on her straw pallet. Then vision after vision crowds upon you in galloping succession, the horizon, fringed with deep purple, and above red glow, and pink, and greenish blue, and the dark field of the waning stars. Hills, broad plains and meandering rivers; cities with narrow streets; pictures: faces, faces, and a voice out of the long past that touches your heart like a tiny, icy hand. All this, and an infinity besides, is somewhere in your mind. Be blind to it in Heaven's name; else how will you get that column of figures footed up, this criminal hanged, this sermon delivered? Euripides, I believe, it was, first set irresponsible adolescents to pondering whether one might not be asleep when he was awake and awake when he was asleep. The fact is, if you are not profoundly deeper in sleep in your waking than in your sleeping hours, you will never amount to anything for action.

Those, then, shall be called great who sleep more profoundly as they walk and talk and construct than the rest of us. By their blindness we shall rate them in the scroll of honor. And each variety of greatness must exhibit a blindness after its kind. We present a scheme of qualifications for those who would be candidates for greatness:

For philosophers: A general obtuseness to all life and an impeccable instinct for choosing the counterfeit piece out of the bag of gold.

For psychologists: A six fingered insensitiveness to all the obvious facts of human nature.

For sociologists: Incapacity to understand man either alone or in groups and capacity for taking Punch and Judy seriously.

For historians: Complete and final extinction of historic insight.

For literary critics: Inability to read except through opaque glasses of wilful misunderstanding.

For writers of essays:

One final observation on blind error. What race that was alive to the majesty of the morning on the hill tops would have builded a temple wherein to worship God? What race that knew the glory of the living human body would have hewn a statue of cold stone to satisfy the yearning for beauty? What race that really heard the music of children's voices would have set out to win sweet sound through oaten pipes or clashing brass?

The shell fish that is thoroughly sound in body and mind lives in the lapping waves and dies, and the world knows no more of him. The shell fish whose living tissue has been penetrated by a bit of foreign matter that wounds and tortures him may build a pearl which remains precious through hundreds of years beyond the life of its creator. Blind error is the bit of lacerating foreign matter in the life of man. Those who are not afflicted with it live while they live, and die. Those who have the affliction may not really live, but they may achieve, and through their achievements they may endure along with the everlasting hills.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

All Night Long

We were in bed by nine but she did not hear the clock,
She lay in her quiet first sleep, soft-breathing, head by
her arm,

And the rising, radiant moon spilled silver out of its crotch
On her hair and forehead and eyes as we rested, gentle
and warm.

All night long it remained, that calm, compassionate sheet,
All the long night it wrapped us in whiteness like ermine-
fur.

I did not sleep all the night but lay, with wings on my feet,
Still, the cool on my lips, seeing her, worshipping her.

Oh the bright sparks of dawn when Day broke, burning
and wild!

Oh the first look she gave from her sleepy, beautiful eyes!
With a heart and a mind new-born as a naked, young,
golden child

I took her into my arms. We saw the morning arise!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

The Menace of the Alumni

POPULAR bewilderment in the face of a choice of evils has been immortalized in popular speech. Antiquity dramatized the dilemma as the twin perils of Scylla and Charybdis. The prosaic modern mind shaped the figures of the upper and the nether mill-stone, the leap from the frying-pan into the fire. Toward some such inevitable mischance the American college seems headed in its search for leadership and control. Having thrown off pretty generally the control of the Church, and being brought to some uneasiness by repeated criticism of the power of its board of trustees, the college is now creating another peril in its cultivation of alumni responsibility.

Alumni control, like control by religious and political boards and by trustees selected for pecuniary reasons solely, represents the control of the expert by the amateur, the direction of the functions of the professional teacher and scholar by the inadequate knowledge of the lay mind. Yet the growing tendency to increase the power of the alumni, to look to the alumni for material assistance and also for advice, is coincident with an increase in the complexity of the educational problem, and a perplexing change in the character of the student body. The appeal to the alumni in the present crisis may be a desperate effort on the part of college administrators to choose the lesser evil when other expedients have failed.

Consequently alumni associations are minutely organized; by every means known to commercial propaganda alumni interest is sustained. Local clubs function enthusiastically in "get-together-dinners" which celebrate vocally the visit, by accident or design, of some member of the faculty. This member is pretty sure to be intimately connected in alumni memories with undergraduate athletics or social affairs. These alumni clubs are important agencies of college publicity; their members are "boosters for the college" in unconquered territory; and in some cases admittedly they serve as courts of inquiry to which are informally referred for approval or rejection on grounds chiefly social, the applications of candidates for the freshman class. In this way a homogeneous social type may be perpetuated, and Anglo-Saxon supremacy insured.

The social performances of the alumni clubs are damaging evidence of the changing character of college graduates. Baffled educators face the fact that going to college has become fashionable. A college education is no longer viewed chiefly as a training for one of the learned professions. Rather four years on the campus and in the dormitories are said to "broaden one's interests," to increase the number and eligibility of one's friends, to prolong the period of irresponsible youth when father foots the bills. A college education has

become a social advantage sought in large numbers by those able to pay the price in tuition and in a modicum of initial intelligence and intermittent industry. The result is often a candidate for the University Club in the nearest metropolis, but not a fit person for any committee concerned with education.

Yet the college faces an increase in the number of this "country club" type of student, and at the same time an increase in the control of alumni over the affairs, both financial and scholastic, of the institution.

This phenomenon may well be studied in the person of the alumni trustee, originally viewed as a harbinger of light. A thoughtful administration, mindful of the value of alumni gifts and bequests, as well as the inconvenience of alumni dissatisfaction, secures for the board of trustees some "prominent alumnus" who may in one way or another command the allegiance of his fellows and at the same time serve the interest of the administration. To the alumni body as a whole this astute policy is heralded as touching evidence of the faith that is reposed in their wisdom and power. Such faith has led the President and Board of Trustees, the editor of the University of Chicago Magazine recently explained, to state "that many of the responsibilities of advancing the welfare of their Alma Mater must in time fall more and more upon the great body of loyal alumni." The editor describes further as a "frank and happy recognition of alumni loyalty and direct responsibility" the appointment from the alumni of four trustees: "a well-known corporation lawyer" who is also "a prominent factor in Baptist denominational affairs"; a member of a real estate firm; the western manager of the advertising department of an eastern woman's journal; and a youthful magnate in the packing industry.

Now the chances are that these are all eminent Christian gentlemen of unblemished American lineage, as well as loyal alumni. And that they are successful in business is indubitable evidence of their ability. But the point cannot be gainsaid that the record of no one of these alumni shows evidence of experience fitting him to guide expertly and idealistically the policies of one of the greatest institutions for teaching and research in the United States.

In men's colleges and many co-educational institutions, the influence of the great body of the alumni has usually been directed toward the encouragement of athletics and the glorification of tradition, with some criticism of instruction when it conflicted with either of these. Princeton last year had a brilliantly damaging demonstration of the typical alumni attitude on questions of athletics, when three athletes were disqualified by the joint committee of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, for receiving money from a loan fund raised to help deserving students participating in athletics and other extra-curri-

culum activities. The Princeton Alumni Weekly in successive issues carried letters of bitter protest, as well as the somewhat pensive explanation to the alumni by President Hibben. The gem of the collection was a letter in which an indignant alumnus posed the question:

If the man, or group of men, who establish such a fund, even if avowedly for the purpose of obtaining for, or retaining in, Princeton good athletes, are guilty of evil purpose, how is the purpose of the donor of a scholarship sanctified, merely because it is to obtain for, or retain in, Princeton good scholars?

A case in which alumni pressure ousted a member of the faculty who stood stubbornly against favoritism to athletes was aired last year in the American Association of University Professors' report on the dismissal of a professor in a small southern college.

A natural corollary to this paramount interest in extra-curricular activities, revealed by the social, literary and athletic activities of alumni, is the blundering or malignant criticism of the scholastic activities of the college—when these are not totally ignored. Sometimes this interference takes the form of assisting the cause of a socially popular but otherwise inadequate instructor; or of jeopardizing the standing of one less gracious in his classroom procedure. Particular brands of personal prejudice in matters political, theological or economic find expression in violent letters to the president who has the difficult task of meeting tactfully this righteous proprietary interest inconveniently sprung from the alumni "loyalty" and "responsibility," which has been assiduously fostered.

A hopeful innovation, as suggestive as unique, is the recent appointment by the American Association of University Women of an Educational Secretary, a woman of training as teacher and scholar, whose duty it shall be to survey the educational scene with a view to mobilizing and directing the efforts of college women in all parts of the country to the advancement of both elementary and collegiate education.

There are, then, two undesirable types of alumni loyalty: the weakly sentimental, and the financially strong. The alumnus of the weakly sentimental interest never tires of rah-rah-ing to alma mater; he partakes heavily of the joys of class reunions and the simple "stunts" of Alumni Day at the Commencement season; he attends football games; he writes enthusiastic letters to the devoted editor of the alumni magazine, and that is about all. The alumnus of strong financial interest has until recently functioned—while he lived—chiefly in handsome subscriptions to various popular college causes, which strengthened that proprietary relation to the college which he enjoys. Usually, however, it has been easier to induce him to make his generous contributions to a memorial skating-

rink or a set of chimes than to the endowment of a professorial chair. The recent hard times, however, and the corresponding increased cost of education have given new importance and new power to this type of alumnus. His proprietary interest has been played up to; his loyalty has assumed a mandatory tone; his words about bonds, books and the teaching of sociology come very near to being law. The pandemic of endowment campaigns which has absorbed the vitality of a large number of the colleges of the country during the past five years has done an incalculable harm in glorifying for purely financial reasons alumni of this type. That in some cases these men of successful business experience or inherited wealth are also persons of liberal culture and constructive interest in education has too often been for the college sheer good luck; that at other times they are persons of narrow experience or dogmatic convictions which they feel it their right to make operative in the policies of the college is too often winked at through one insidious compromise after another. Ideals have been slightly dimmed, sharp distinctions somewhat blunted, courageous decisions side-stepped, and innovations in the interests of "publicity" or other necessity of "the campaign" permitted, as a result of the college's apparently desperate need of money. Sometimes in dark moments it has seemed that the only hope of salvation for the college lies in the taking of vows of poverty by some teaching order which shall seek first and last the fruits of the spirit.

Examination of the type of publicity-material, the pictures, pamphlets, the newspaper stories and the addresses provided by an exigent college shows the kind of pabulum upon which alumni loyalty—like popular favor—is fed, the aspects of college life with which it is chiefly concerned. It is the glorification of college activities (it should be noted that technically "activities" are never scholastic), the preservation of "traditions," the staunch effort to keep "the dear old college" what it was "in the good old days," which, after all, distinguishes the typical alumni mind. To build dormitories in a growing western college which in its happy infancy had housed and fed its students domestically in the houses of the village was judged an extravagance for which "practical" alumni held the "idealistic" president somewhat criminally responsible. To attack the heavy interests vested in exclusive undergraduate clubs at Princeton brought upon Woodrow Wilson irresistible alumni indignation. To risk the Harvard flavor by the admission of excellent students of alien mores and no interest in athletics seems to many of the alumni more deplorable than to risk the sacrifice of Harvard's enviable reputation for personal freedom.

In one middle western college of great promise and usefulness—if the alumni permit—a monthly review unique among college periodicals for its thoughtful treatment of current literature and

events was killed by alumni and trustees on the alert for "radicalism"; and two valuable members of the faculty chiefly responsible for its success were simultaneously lost to the college.

The true function of college alumni is yet to be worked out in this country. Two cardinal virtues the college graduate must first acquire: a mind alert to matters of educational importance everywhere; and a spirit not wise in its own conceits but quick to give support to the expert in education. Such a sense of responsibility for educational matters in general, and such a sense of humility in the solution of particular problems (the same humility he should feel before a technical question in any other field), on the part of the great body of college graduates could do much to advance useful educational experimentation in this country and to secure a more enlightened adjustment of educational methods to the complicated needs of the present day. But at present any intelligent interest in educational affairs is lacking among the great majority of the holders of college degrees.

The alumnae of the women's colleges, perhaps because until recently they have represented a selected group, have exercised a more enlightened

and responsible influence than the men. In general their actions have seemed to proceed from the conviction that a college is, after all, an institution of learning. Their alumnae trustees are often women of some professional experience in education or studious interest. Changes in the curriculum, the scholarly achievements of the faculty, as well as questions of housing and social life command their interest not merely out of loyalty but also for the sake of their daughters who are all coming to college. Vassar has alumnae committees which are investigating such matters as the summer use of the campus, the status of trustees, the introduction of professional courses in Education. So far as their conclusions are founded on a critical examination of existing practices assisted by the knowledge and opinions of experts, their work may be of real value to the college. Wellesley's recent successful campaign for \$2,750,000 to which 87 percent of the alumnae contributed—an unprecedented proportion—was waged to a large extent in the interests of increased salaries for the faculty, and appeal was made quite as much to the lovers of learning as to the lovers of tradition.

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

At Home in France

MANKIND in general has always had a sentiment of patriotism toward France, and all the world feels at home in Paris. I think the reason is that the French people are childlike. They are perfectly frank and easy about being childlike, while all the rest of the world is painfully occupied with trying to appear grown-up.

Do you remember on Roy Howard's Armistice Day, when the end of the World War was announced, how all Manhattan Island descended to her pavements and joined in a million-footed dance of joy? There was no traffic in the streets. There was no business. There was no law. There was no dignity. It never happened before, and I suppose it will never happen again, until there is another end of a World War.

The Mi-Carême! I spent the long afternoon of that day playing at rough-and-tumble in the streets with the whole population of Paris, playing in a barrage-fire of brilliant-colored confetti like a rainbow snowstorm—mad happy boys and girls all of us, our muscles tired and our cheeks aching with laughter when we went home to bed at night, leaving the great streets of the city soft with a carpet of innumerable colors. They call it a battle of confetti. And it is a ruthless battle, one in which anybody who gets to laughing too hard suffers the fate of the dying wolf—the whole city turns on him and pelts him to death.

I can give you an idea how different that was

from anything that might happen in America, if I tell you that once in the course of the afternoon a group of vehicles proposed to cross the Boulevard des Italiens at a principle intersection in the heart of the business district, and a corps of twelve uniformed policemen undertook to halt the rioting stream of people and let them pass. The result was a grand, roaring, laughing, tumbling dog-pile, in which more than half of the policemen were knocked over and drowned, themselves laughing so hard they were helpless, and finally getting up, shaking themselves, and abandoning as manifestly absurd the attempt to make room for business in a place so well occupied by pleasure.

Can you imagine such a thing happening in America—or coming to so wise an end, if it began to happen? The streets were full of policemen, and all that day I never saw any engaged in a more serious occupation than picking confetti out of their whiskers—except one, and he was motioning to a crude compatriot of mine in the second story of a bank to stop throwing francs out of the window. Francs are serious, and the interruption was characteristic of a people that does not know how to play. So little do we know how to play, that I find it difficult even to believe my own memory of those great metropolitan boulevards filled from one wall to the other with a brimming river of laughing, battling, shouting, mischief-making, grown-up children.

The French are childlike—and they are friendly. Besides the word for talk, they have another word, *causer*, which means have a talk, and it is pronounced so nearly like the English word, *cosy*, that to an Anglo-Saxon it means just everything in the world that is amiable and delightful. And the French do talk with such rare beauty of tone and articulation—keeping all the sounds high and clear, as though they were holding up a torch or a jewel—that one is happy in company with them even before he understands what they say. There seems to be a kind of music of sociability going on all the time.

The French differ from the Anglo-Saxons in that they regard all strangers as potential friends. They may very likely be enemies after they get acquainted—very likely indeed, for there is at bottom something pretty hard and shrewd about the French character—but before they get acquainted at least, they are friends. They do not find it necessary, as the English do, to bolster up their egotism continually by looking with a remote and chilly eye upon the general public.

Being friends without being acquainted is a childlike pleasure, but it is a very harmless one, and far easier than being friends with someone you know. A restaurant in which the people at the next table will answer and laugh back without surprise or constraint, if you address them smilingly, is very much gayer than one in which they will turn into pillars of astonished ice. Especially is this true if the people happen to be of the opposite sex. American girls are brought up to believe that if any man speaks to them or takes a good look at them without being introduced, his intention is dishonorable and they are on the verge of ruin. In consequence they go around pretending that their faces, which they have nevertheless taken all pains to make fleshly beautiful, are composed of some peculiar kind of spiritual stone. In France there is no such frightened pretence, and a man brought up in our atmosphere of safety-first is often startled to the loins at the sudden approval he beholds in two bold, proud and judicial female eyes.

The French are friendly—and they are frank about sex. This frankness is what enables them, I suppose, to be so wise about bringing children into the world. To an unsentimental intelligence it is obvious that, so long as we have not solved the problem of a decent life for the present population of the globe, we are mad to go on multiplying that population. The French are the only people whose census reveals the existence of such an intelligence. Their birthrate and their death-rate approximately balance each other, and their population remains the same. It is customary among Anglo-Saxons to describe this high state of popular sagacity as stagnation, just as it is customary to describe the frank and practical attitude which underlies it, as degenerate. A stagnation in the quantity is the first step towards a betterment

of the quality of a population, and frankness is so far from degeneracy that we can truly say the French are distinguished from the Anglo-Saxons exactly by their healthy-mindedness. They may miss some other values by being so realistic and humorsome and undeceived, but they have mental health, of that there is no doubt. They start off by acknowledging with all their hearts that sex is the main subject of interest, and that acknowledgment gives them a wonderful freedom to be interested in other things.

One of those decadent Americans who have instituted a little branch of Greenwich Village at the *Café de la Rotonde*, in order to avoid coming into contact with anything French while they are visiting France, was discoursing to me upon the sexualness of the French with that peculiar lubric delight of which only an escaped Puritan is capable. I happened to remark that I was going down to Touraine to see Anatole France, and he said, "You want to take somebody along who understands all the hidden implications of French words—he's a naughty old boy, and you'll miss the main thing if you don't understand his *risqué* jokes."

You might not think that a sophisticated Bohemian could talk that way about the world's master of intellectual prose, but he can, if he is Anglo-Saxon enough—if he is superior enough to the "degeneracy" of the French. I did not take any interpreter along, and I did not miss any subtle implications. I found subtlety in Anatole France's regard for the limitations of my vocabulary, and I found a mind as keenly burning with interest and information in all the affairs of the world as though he were twenty years old and just entering upon a political career. He is a very old man, Anatole France, but he has done his work greatly, and he is serene now, and full of friendly laughter. He, too, in his high and delicate and intellectual way is childlike.

He got up, lifting his hand high to bring it down into mine, as though he had been waiting for me just as long and expectantly as I had been coming. And that would have been a long time, too, for I had gone down to Touraine from Paris by automobile, stopping to visit all the famous châteaux, and taste all the exquisite varieties of Vouvray wine to be found in and around them, stopping also to drink milk at the low-roofed, soft houses of the peasants, which are so much more beautiful than those famous châteaux. I had had a gay two-days' ride through gentle meadows and vineyards with my friends, and I was hot and dusty and happy when I arrived at his graceful little house on the hillside out of Tours. And what with his genial greeting, and the comfortable feeling that alongside of him I didn't amount to anything and no pretences were necessary, I felt even more at home there than elsewhere in France.

Anatole France looks like what you see in your imagination when you say "the Shah of Persia."

He wears a kind of soft brown-yellow cape that might be a robe, and on his head a little round red velvet cap that is altogether oriental. His beard is long and of a wise gray. And there is a queer longness about his face, which is full of dark solemn shadows that contrast strangely with the somewhat goatlike alertness and quizzicality of his expression. He is very oriental until he laughs. But his laugh is such a wreathing and wrinkling up of the whole countenance in pure mirth as would never comport with the dignity of the Shah of Persia. It is a genial, irresponsible, playful, impractical laugh. It is a complete laugh. Sometimes when you read the works of the masters of satire and irony, you have the impression that they are a little held-back and bitter—that they are more interested in the sting than in the humor of their wit. I remember that I had this impression of Bernard Shaw, until I saw him and heard him say those keen intellectual and stinging things of his, with the jolly and uproarious hilarity of an infant. I learned the same truth again in my conversation with Anatole France—that great humorists are always fundamentally good-natured and their genius is to be at play.

His genius is to be at play, and that made all the more moving the tragic things Anatole France said to me, when we spoke seriously about the condition of France. We were joking at first about nationalities. "The Americans came over here in sufficient quantities to demonstrate their inability to fight," he said, watching my eyes mischievously to see what would happen. But that opinion is so general in France that I was thoroughly familiar with it.

"Considering where your ability to fight has landed you," I said, "I can only be happy at the compliment." But he was not sure I was not offended. "You have courage, of course," he added, "but there is a military genius, an art of fighting."

"I know," I said, "but it begins to look as if we all possess too much of it. Wouldn't it be better if we were like the Eskimos, who are so busy fighting the cold that they never think of fighting each other?" He seemed a little reluctant to speak about the results of that art of fighting, and when he spoke, I understood why. For there was a note of deep and troubled sadness in his voice, when he told me how France is broken and destroyed by the war.

"There is no intellectual life. There is no impulse in art. There is no revolutionary intelligence in the working classes. There is no culture left in France. There is nothing but worry. France is economically broken, and civilization is only possible when economic questions can be left to themselves and forgotten. But after all, the war was not the worst thing. The war was not a deliberate crime. It was something that flowed out of the conditions of European life. The destruc-

tion of Lille was in a deep sense involuntary. The Treaty of Versailles was a voluntary destruction of civilization. That was the crime."

"French civilization depends upon European civilization," he added, "and there will be no civilization in Europe until the Treaty of Versailles is revised."

Such were the solemn and wise thoughts of this man of laughter. But I remember that when I had said goodby, he called me back from the door. "You mustn't go away with those gloomy things in your mind," he said. "Come back, and let's have a little hope!"

And so I came back, and we talked more, and more cheerfully, about what France might become if there were any intelligence in her working classes, if there were any time to think about art and literature and the social revolution. Nevertheless I came away with the impression of a great playful genius made sad by a tragedy wholly irrelevant and inappropriate to his temperament, a tragedy without romance, without any brave beauty. And I have the same feeling of the deep and peculiar pathos of the fate that has fallen upon his nation.

"They are too young!" I could almost say, when I see these friendly and childlike people, plodding about all day among the ruins of their once beautiful homes, gathering the stones they were made of, gathering sand and water. For after three years, in that vast battle-wilderness of northern France, the foundations of the cellars seem to be no more than begun. The villages, and even the cities—those which are not completely depopulated and abandoned to the grass and sparrows—have just the appearance of our little early desperate mining-settlements in the American desert. The same living in lean-tos, in paper-and-board makeshifts, in hen coops patched together out of the memories of houses, the same neat little empty church and ramshackle old crowded saloon, the same universal dust, save that it is the dust of what once was human and habitable, the same treeless waste, save that the angry stumps stand there throwing up a black arm into the sky, the same terrible patience and slow-moving hard toil into the future—the same life, except that memory occupies the place of hope.

The words "devastated village" do not convey to one reared in America any picture of the event that has happened here, because a village is such a different thing in America from what it is in France. French villages were built at a time when the country was full of feudal troops and armed professional robbers, and they were built close and solid, like tiny imitations of big cities, with no yards, no grass, not even a side-walk, and often with high walls surrounding them. When these little intensely populous constructions were shelled, the result was like that produced by stepping on a hive, in which each wall of every cell is also the wall of another. And when they were bombarded

and burned, the remnants of them were simply nothing. The remnants of them were white plastery dust and dulled stones—bonfire patches in the midst of a green lonely meadow.

There is no sharper cleavage among the types of human nature than that between the home-lover and the pioneer. And the people in France are above all things lovers of their homes. Their language is the only one which has a preposition to express the idea of being at home, giving to that particular relation as basic and universal an importance as being "of" or being "under." We with our bluff weather-loving American temperament, can perhaps hardly know what it meant to these friendly and close-dwelling people, to be unroofed, unpropertied, decimated and left standing, a handful of solitary prospectors in a desert.

The two greatest evils which can befall a state are victory and defeat, and France is suffering from them both. She "won the war," if you can speak in those juvenile terms of the end of that organized business of destruction; but the business was carried on in her territory, and therefore she was destroyed. She suffers from the glory-thirst of the victor, and the sick and weak fear of the vanquished. Her people are easily led on, therefore, in the hysterical policies of the small and corrupt class which rules her with its wealth. They have lost for a time their realism, and their shrewd hard love of liberty and of mankind. But they are the same amiable and child-hearted people. And it will be a misfortune in the poetry of things if the traditional affection of mankind for France cannot endure through these days of her wounds and bad behavior.

MAX EASTMAN.

Celluloid Psychology

IF I were a psychologist (and maybe I am) then I should straightway begin work upon a compilation of motion picture reflexes. My concern for the psychology of the films is not founded in a deep yearning for better pictures. They surely must be perfect now. I only wish to make the celluloid principles of human conduct universal: to apply them not to a white screen in a darkened house, but to the hearts of men.

Lest the reader think that I am a fanatic or a fool, let me hasten to show briefly how every jail in the United States can be razed and every police court gutted of its records of evil men. Therefore, before I get into the body of my article, I shall explain at the outset how we can obliterate the criminal instinct from the submerged section of our civilization. And by way of being controversial, I defy any motion picture addict to cite one film where the remedy I have in mind failed to effect a cure.

Lombroso and the criminologists meant no offence in damning so many of us to hereditary peni-

tentiaries. They can be pardoned their unflattering opinions, because Lombroso and the rest did not take into consideration the enormous salutary effect of the American Northwest. The criminologists have paid close attention to faces, but oh, how they have gone by the great wide open spaces.

There is only one remedy for the criminal: he must go deep into the Heart of the Redwoods, and the state must defray the expense of the migratory reformation. I say the state must pay the cost, because I do not believe the motion picture authorities can afford to send every wrong-doer into the silent recesses of nature's forest giants. The Hollywood directors, to my certain knowledge, have sent scores of chaps into the tall timber for a twelve-month, and invariably have brought them back in the fifth reel to a perfect orgy of ethical rectitude in the sixth. How often have we seen the rude Jesse James, finally trapped by the police, shoulder his axe and march into the Northwest to become transformed into a Henry James at the end. They have convinced me from Los Angeles that out yonder under the fierce Northern lights, a new soul is hanging from every tree.

Compared to the present burden placed upon society by its erring children, the expense of the undertaking that I sponsor is a trifling one. I should like to see the state, as each man is sentenced to imprisonment, risk the experiment by freeing the culprit and furnishing him with the following requisites:

- One bright woodsman's axe
- One mackinaw (cap to match)
- One pair snowshoes
- One ticket to Northwest
- One Alsatian police dog

Let us adopt this procedure; at the end of one year from the day the plan is put into effect there will be no criminals remaining in the United States, I assure you. Twenty millions of my countrymen see the thing happen daily on the screen—that greatest factor in educating the masses—and we have no doubt of its success. As soon as the number of Alsatian police dogs is commensurate with the number of prisoners in our corrective institutions, I propose laying the matter before the proper authorities for immediate and wholesale action. And one year from that day will see a horde of white faced Galahads tramping nobly back to the settlements to rejoin society, police dogs leaping madly beneath their heels.

Contingent upon each criminal's departure for the Redwoods he shall be made acquainted with one slightly shopworn maiden in some one of the many reformatories now dotting our great and glorious land. While her hero is braving the vicissitudes of the frozen north, she shall undergo what the neurologists term "referred pain." For each letter that this lady despatches from her tower to the rail head in the woods (where it will be inserted in the police dog's mouth for delivery to

his master beneath the noblest of the forest giants) she will receive from the culprit in return one sprig of bayberries. None who has viewed a motion picture show will doubt that this woodsy reminder can bring the nostalgia of respectability into the maiden's nostrils. And so the state must be obligated, when the year is done, to supply the pair with the following impedimenta:

One gray haired chaplain
One black cassock for same
Two flower girls
One little Ringbearer
Pair velvet pants for same
Squad of merry young men
Evening clothes for same

Thus at a trifling cost can we do away with the criminal instinct as fast as it appears in society. The whole expense for each pair reclaimed through the application of celluloid psychology is negligible in return for its benefits. Think of the terrible careers of the Jukes boys and girls because they avoided the woods and kept close to the cities!

These are but the beginnings of a Hollywood-land Utopia which shall, thanks to the cinema's discernment, presently descend upon mankind. Inherent in the teachings of the films are remedies equally simple for all the ills the social body is heir to. Let us get to the problem of industrial management, a simple one enough, and disposed of most readily upon the white screen. Only the other day I saw some huge shipyards put on a fair return basis without any of the absurdities of cost accounting, overhead, depreciation on plant structures, etc., through the medium of a shipowner's daughter. Do I hear shipowners from the Clyde to Kobe, Japan, pricking up their distraught ears at this piece of news? Tell them, then, that their bottoms shall beat upon the seven seas if they have blonde daughters and the perspicacity to endow them with the following resources:

One riding crop
One handsome superintendent
One Arabian hunter
One tricornered hat
One evening gown
One pipe organ

This article is just a preface to the things that are going to happen after we adopt the celluloid psychology. The question of America's position in international affairs diminishes in complexity as I follow the channel of my cinematographical experiences. I do not believe, for instance, that we liberals can ever effect the recognition of the Moscow government by Washington until we elect to the Presidency of the United States a man who has had a son in Red Cross work in Russia. If by now the reader can follow my mental processes (if he is a motion picture devotee his are probably ahead of mine) he can readily see that the Red

Cross man was once imprisoned by the Soviet, and later released through the pressure brought to bear upon Trotsky by a dark eyed ward of that great general's grandmother. Is it not superfluous to paint the obligatory scene at Ellis Island where the child, praying before a rude Ikon, is interned by immigration commissioners; and the boy's impassioned harangue at the weekly meeting of his father's Cabinet at the White House while the white kitten plays with a ball of yarn underneath the President's chair? Picture the following things:

The altar in the Kremlin
High dignitaries
Stars and Stripes
Blood red banner
The lace covered Metropolitan
Lohengrin
Borzoi

The thing is really so simple that I feel a bit ridiculous in advancing this solution. It looks so puerile in print.

If we want a League of Nations, there are at least a score of taffy-haired young women who will put the diplomatic mission across quicker than Lord Robert Cecil can say Geneva. The Carnegie foundation has but to select one, and then turn the trick by issuing to the chosen damsel:

One 6-cyl. roadster
One aviation helmet
One English butler (faithful)
One permanent wave
One pair riding boots (patent)
One varsity halfback (for intelligence work)

The malefactors of great wealth are still with us, despite the ironies of Mr. Marx, the bludgeonings of Mr. Roosevelt and the shoutings of Mr. Hearst. I suspect that few of our economists have given the problem the treatment it has received in Hollywood. They must not be censured for having failed to find a solution where I have succeeded. Few of them are conversant with the films. It is not their oversight; it is my good fortune. I confess that of late I have been assisting a motion picture editor in his task of reviewing the new pictures that are shown on Broadway each Sunday, and so quite by accident have witnessed test after test of the remedy. Sabbath day after Sabbath day I have seen the cinema settle labor disputes, bring about collective bargaining, relieve agricultural conditions brought by post-war deflation, and in general create an entente cordiale among rich and poor by application of simple celluloid axioms.

The rich man can go through the eye of a needle quite easily, if only he will spend one night penniless in the slums or upon a park bench. I have seen them seized by contrition so often upon the screen after they have spent one night in this fashion that I have pooled my faith with the

twenty millions who accept the conversion blindly each day. I realize what a target the idea makes for the economists, but what are they in the face of so many of us? After all, as Abraham Lincoln or Will H. Hays or Roscoe Arbuckle said, if the mass verdict of the common people is at fault, whom else have we to trust this blessed Christmas Day?

Let us take a concrete case; and watch me apply the solution. When next the little cottages of Bethlehem and Newport are astir with mutterings about the rights of the majority and the safety of the individual, there is no need for the steel workers to go on strike. Let them, instead, prevail upon Judge Gary to cast himself adrift, penniless, for one night in New York City. This is not an exacting request, and Judge Gary should welcome any solution that obviates his writing so many ads during the lockout. Let him share a park bench at Union Square with some down-and-outer whose wife is in the charity ward of a nearby lying-in hospital. Twenty millions of us know the struggles that will rend his breast as he rubs elbows with unfortunates. An equal number of us know a priori that when "the first faint streak of dawn, a-down the city's gutters, lights a new day" the Judge will have a contrite heart. Fancy the eagerness, when salvaged from the one-cent coffee line of St. Vincent's, with which he will rush to the nearest Western Union station and send the telegram heard 'round the world. Let us flash that message now upon the screen of our imagination:

SEND MEN BACK WORK AT DOUBLE
THEIR DEMANDS STOP ASK FOREMAN
MEET ME HERE SCHWAB'S LIBRARY FOR
TEA STOP I AM CHANGED MAN STOP
GARY

How easily we may inaugurate a five-hour day, with fair play and may the Bessemer man win.

LAURENCE STALLINGS.

Oats

"To wait ten years for a single word
And when it comes not know it,"
Is an irony that I have heard
Told about a poet.

Yet is the word itself the thing
And knowing it for sure?—
Or just the quaint, bewildering
Contentment to endure?

Watching the mouths that scatter words
Like oats about a pail,
I would rather circle with the birds
For a syllable—and fail.

WITTER BYNNER.

Thalia's Behavior

SIMMONS is not a very tall man; he is medium set and has an oddly boyish but heavy jowl, and an obliging smile over strong white teeth. He was born in Missouri in a small town near the northern border and passed all his youth there; and his early association with the arts and the world was of course limited by that circumstance. His father was a judge of the county, and spent the last two decades of his life writing a book on the equity of the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*.

Simmons went most successfully through a middle western college and became at length a professor. He is now a psychologist of standing, hated and admired by his academic competitors, invited to read papers at conventions, and frequently referred to in footnotes. In psychology he belongs to the behaviorists; and his writings and his experimental records in that direction are numerous. The position taken by the behaviorist, I believe, is this: you can, given the opportunity, know what a thing is by observing what it does. The behaviorist maintains that through its behavior an organism is completely self-revealing.

I ran into Simmons not long since on a Washington train, and we sat down in the smoking-car together. We talked a little of our former acquaintances; and then Simmons began to tell me of his week in New York and the theatres he had visited, thinking that, no doubt, a subject kindly suited to my hemisphere. He rather liked the things he had come across on this visit, he said, much better than he had liked the play he had seen in the autumn, *Malvaloca*. Had I seen *Malvaloca*?

Alas, poor Thalia, I sighed, muse of the joyous theatre, you are coming in for your share now!

For this was the kind of thing I should always rather avoid in Simmons. My encounters with psychologists in the field of art have been inconsequent and baffling. From the very outset, when they approach art, my psychological friends have a way of stretching far beyond anything manageable the definition of their science. Psychology, I should think, might be described as the physiology of the mind, the study of the human mind in a way that is analogous to the study of the processes of the human stomach. But nearly always when these psychologists hold forth to a mere layman like me, they extend the definition of psychology to boundless spaces. They seem to mean by psychology something that is really men's experience, common sense, philosophy, acumen, probability and human nature rolled in one. And this mild vaulting prompts them to universal judgment. No doubt many of them are excellent critics of art; but for the most part the psychologists that I have known tend to approach art and the artist with a little air of "Hello! How's

mother? Have you a kitty?" They are anxious to discover and compliment in a piece of art what they call its good psychology. They draw art out by showing it generously how much all along it knew without knowing it. But if you use psychology in that sense, this specific praise of a piece of art becomes most general. It is like commending water for its wetness.

Nevertheless there sat Simmons and I at our point. What did I think of *Malvaloca*?

I thought of the story of this Spanish play written by the brothers Quintero. Two young men are casting a bell. A young woman, the former mistress of one of the men and now on the town, falls in love with the other. The pair love each other but are deterred from marriage by the girl's past life. And she feels unworthy of him and shrinks from meeting with his pure sister. His friends flout her. In the end he takes her and she is to be rewelded through their love and made whole again, as the bell has been. I remembered that the production by the Equity Players had certain admirable merits and the general defect of not filling in completely enough the outlines of the characters with the vividness and pressure of life that their Spanish creators had relied upon. I said this to Simmons. And what, I asked, did he think of *Malvaloca*?

"Well," Simmons said, plainly glad to have me done with my opinion, "we thought it very silly, foolish—" we being Simmons and Mrs. Simmons, a tall, lean woman who abetted in all things his laboratory enthusiasm.

"Silly, Simmons?" I asked. "And why?"

"Because people don't act like that any longer," he said.

There, I thought, is the people argument applied again to art. I reflected too that it was a loose term for a scientist to use, but it was what Simmons had said nevertheless.

People, I asked, who were people? And what else could any work of art be but what people, someone at least, thought? Should we be more specific?

"I mean," Simmons replied, "that nobody thinks any such nonsense about life any more, it is childish and out-of-date."

But in what particularly? I wanted to know. Would he point out to me just how *Malvaloca* was so silly?

"Well," said he, "take that point—it's really the leading theme—of the girl's feeling herself unworthy of the man merely because she was a prostitute. I mean that stuff about her shrinking from meeting the chaste sister. We all know of course that women have more sense than that nowadays. I mean they have a larger horizon."

To say that, I ventured, it seemed to me you would first of all have to know a great number of just this kind of woman, if you are to judge by this method of accurately observed data.

He knew several fallen women, he said; they talked frankly to him, they felt that they could.

But they, I said, would have to be not only fallen women but fallen women deeply in love. Did he know many in that state? "Women," Simmons said, "no longer acknowledge the double standard, they too as well as men can sidestep if they choose. And they can disregard men's opinion."

"Sidestep yes," I agreed. "But how many tell men about it, these modern women?"

Simmons ignored the point. "And," I argued, "it seems to me that we could certainly say that a poor, rather simple girl, living in a conventional society where she was an outcast, might accept that society's verdict of herself."

Simmons looked as if he deemed me merely old-fashioned to talk so.

"And besides," I went on, "what this particular woman feels is part of a large, type idea. Fundamentally *Malvaloca*'s feeling about herself is a true expression in her own passionate terms of what is the tendency of one who is deeply in love, to exalt the beloved, and even to glory in exalting the beloved at one's own expense. And in *Malvaloca*'s case, a reckless, impulsive creature so whirled and thrown about by life, the reaction of self-abasement toward her beloved might be even more natural."

Simmons smiled and said he was not sure of that. I felt that I had spoken without due care.

I went on: "Well, I can at least say this—in Spain and in Italy you will find everywhere a hard line drawn between women who are respectable—respectable, not necessarily chaste—and women who are not. A man knows these other women but he never for a moment thinks of introducing them to his family. Isn't that some argument for the play?"

Simmons gave me the look that one gives to a mere tourist, a creature whose inexact observations are sheerly for self-amusement. He has never travelled except once on a week's war commission to Rome, from which he returned with the just observation that there was a good deal more there than you might think. He now laid his hand on my knee: "Ah, yes," he said, "but you wouldn't insist that people really think that sort of nonsense any longer?"

I doubted if people change much at bottom, but I said nothing to Simmons of my doubts. I said only—

"Well, at least the author thought that way, that's one person."

"Oh, well yes—" Simmons said to that, as if to agree that nonsense must have some source.

"And as a matter of fact," I ran on, like a mere flighty lover of art, "it just happens that in this case there are more authors than one, the two Quinteros. So there are at least two persons who think that way."

Simmons at that smiled with friendly tact as

if the subject had subsided into banter and could be dropped. He said that he hated to be bored at the theatre, and began to tell me about the situation in his college with regard to laboratory appropriations. The trustees, it seemed to him, were not taking a liberal view of the needs of the psychology department. The president himself, it seemed to him, leaned toward the economists.

Simmons went back to his reprint, and I sat thinking how he had missed every point in Malvaloca; even geography confuted him. I sat wondering just how much at bottom he and Mrs. Simmons applied their behaviorist creed to their living. I sat thinking how, at the present stage of human progress, the behaviorist's creed is only a matter of faith, a laboratory mysticism in which the souls of the Simmons dwell.

It may be that, if Simmons were a God who had made the universe and could see the very last behavior of the very last molecule in a man, he would

know what these movements meant, he could truly regard this behavior as self-revealing. It may be that this God would judge exactly what particular quality or emotion a certain molecular behavior would be a symptom of. But neither Simmons nor Mrs. Simmons saw Malvaloca's molecules. And meanwhile I cannot accept Simmons as this God or even as his earthly vicar. Leonardo da Vinci had a theory that if we could portray perfectly the exterior of a thing we should convey its inner truth. Even at that I cannot think of Simmons as another Leonardo. In fact I doubt altogether if Simmons has the keen eye, the infinitely sensitive perception and infallible memory, the assembling and recreating imagination, to perceive the utmost height of the external details of things. And I—and even Thalia might prefer so too, muse and high dweller on Parnassus though she be—am sure of this, that I should rather be analysed by Shakespeare than by Simmons. STARK YOUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

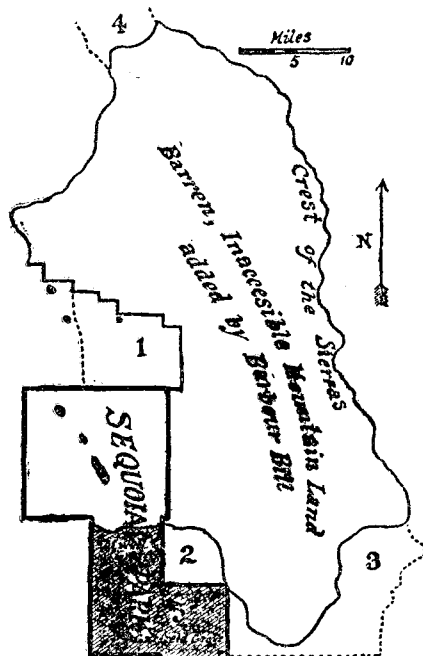
A Grab for Half a National Park

SIR: The Barbour Roosevelt-Sequoia Park bill (H. R. 7452) now before Congress, puts a serious question squarely before the public. Are the National Parks to preserve their wonderful and unique scenic and scientific

features permanently, or are they only keeping them until parties appear with the political influence, money or cleverness to take them away from the public and exploit them for their own private advantage?

We commonly assume that when an area has been set aside as a National Park by act of Congress, it is safe for all time at least from legalized depredations and vandalism. This is very far from being the case; the National Parks are completely at the mercy of Congress and may be cut down in area or abolished entirely at any time by its enactment. No constitutional provision protects them. Taking advantage of this situation, a well concealed joker has been slipped into the Barbour bill which, according to its title, is a bill to enlarge the Sequoia National Park and change its name so as to create a memorial to the late President. The joker takes away nearly half (to be exact, three-sevenths) of the present park. To sugar-coat and draw attention away from this grab a large area of rocky, commercially valueless, inaccessible land on the highest part of the Sierras is added to the park on another side.

These are the plain facts of the case. The map clearly shows how the southern half of the park is cut off and removed from the protection of the park laws. By the provisions of the bill it is turned over to the control of the United States Forest Service for commercial exploitation. No reason or pretext for this project has been given except the desire of that Bureau for increased lands to control, more forests to sell and more grazing lands to rent out. Of course behind it are also local business interests in that region of the State of California. Are these adequate and proper reasons? Now if nearly half of one of our largest and most important National Parks is to be legislated away, should the public know of it or should it be done by a well disguised joker in a bill purporting to be for quite the opposite purpose? Should the public know what is in that part of the park, what it is



EXPLANATION OF MAP

Map showing how the Barbour Bill cuts off the entire southern half of the Sequoia Park. Note how the new boundary is drawn so as to just exclude one of the finest groves of Sequoias in existence (the Atwell Grove, which contains 590 trees over ten feet in diameter of trunk). Note also the enormous bay (marked 1 on the map) 15 miles deep, extending from the west into the very centre of the proposed park. This is to permit lumbering operations almost in the centre of the park, though legally outside its limits. The land added is for the most part nearly or entirely treeless.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are areas especially desirable for park purposes and included in the original Roosevelt Park bill, but which the Barbour bill will not add to the park.

going to lose, and whether economic necessity exists for giving it up or not, or should it be satisfied to be told that the chiefs of the Forest Service and Park Service have decided the matter between them and that their decisions are to be accepted and no questions asked?

This National Park, established in 1890, is about 252 square miles in area and is situated on the western slope of the Sierra Mountains in Southern California. It is a region of fine mountain scenery with imposing peaks, canyons and cliffs. But California is full of such scenery, and as a general rule regions of bare granite rock with nothing to exploit commercially can take care of themselves without being made National Parks. It was not the mountain scenery but its magnificent forests that the Sequoia Park was established to protect. The forests of the Pacific States were the most wonderful in the world for their big trees. In these states at least sixteen different kinds of trees existed that grew under favorable conditions to a height of 200 feet or more, and at least four, if not five, that sometimes reached 300 feet or over. The grandeur and scenic beauty of such forests must be seen to be realized. But modern methods of lumbering are making away with what little of it seventy-five years of reckless waste and unchecked forest fires have left at an astonishing rate, and a few years will see the last of them. Most of the tracts still standing are in the hands of the lumber interests and doomed to destruction at an early date. Should not those few remaining in our National Parks be preserved from the vandalism of commercial interests and unscrupulous politicians?

No finer area could have been chosen for preserving some of the forests than the present Sequoia Park. Its woods contain magnificent specimens of five different species of the big trees of that region, two immense species of fir and the largest pines in the world, the sugar pine and the western yellow pine, as well as the best remaining groves of the giant sequoias.

The area that it is sought to transfer to the Forest Service totals 105 square miles, less than half the park it is true, but it comprises that part which contains by far the larger part of the forests that the park was especially established to preserve. In it are about thirty-five square miles of some of the grandest woods in the world, immense pines and firs 200 feet or more tall, with straight, massive trunks five, six or eight feet thick. It is the big sugar pines, whose lumber is now the most valuable on the market, that the Forest Service and the lumber interests are after. The sequoias grow even larger, but there are only a few hundreds of acres of them and they are a minor consideration which the Forest Service officials can well afford to promise to protect in order to allay opposition, especially as such promises have no standing in law and will not be in any way binding on future administrations.

The area added has only an insignificant proportion of good forest and is too inaccessible and rugged for road building. It can never be anything but a rich man's park; a park for those who can afford the time and money to travel with guides and a train of pack mules.

One other feature of the bill needs attention. Notice on the map the deep bay in the boundary, running from the west into the exact centre of the proposed park, a bay fifteen miles deep and many miles wide. Why is the

park to be this peculiar shape? The area thus excluded is one of the most beautiful, containing fine sugar pines and sequoias and mountain meadows. The object of the bay is to allow lumbering right in the centre of the park though legally outside its limits.

Would the added area be a fair exchange for the magnificent area to be given up? It would not be, for the reasons given above. But that is not the main question, for it is not an exchange at all. The public already owns all the land it is to get by this exchange and can use it as a park if it pleases, without giving anything up.

Nothing could show more clearly than the circumstances surrounding this scheme the ineffectiveness, half-heartedness and indifference of the score or more of organizations in this country, that are supposed to be alert and active in protecting our parks, wild animals and birds. Many of them have been hoodwinked (to the secret astonishment, delight and derision of the promoters of the scheme!) so that they are not only not making any protest but have officially indorsed and helped to promote this iniquitous measure. Does this mean that the thousands of members supporting these conservation organizations out of love of nature and appreciation for the National Parks, want such a grab to go through? Not for a moment. It simply means that they know nothing about what they have been represented as indorsing and desiring. Not one in a hundred of them knows that there are jokers in the bill. Not one in ten of those that do know have any realization of how serious they are and that they make the measure one of the worst raids ever attempted on our National Park system.

How has the game been worked? By the trick of pushing (*but not too far*) an excellent bill in the preceding (66th) Congress for enlarging the park, and getting all these people and organizations interested in it. This original Roosevelt Park bill was not allowed to pass. In its stead the Barbour bill was introduced into the present (67th) Congress, its jokers and obnoxious features buried in verbiage about township and section numbers and survey lines, that no one without Government survey maps and long and continued hard work could hope to understand. Not a single officer of these various conservation societies appears to have taken the trouble to study out what the Barbour bill would do to the boundaries of the park. Nor do they appear to have taken the trouble to find out what was in the area excluded, except a few who were on the inside, and whose purpose has been to further the aggrandizement of the Forest Service at the expense of the parks. Their assurances that the bill was all right appear to have been confidently accepted.

The public has been asleep, and the grab has nearly slipped through. Is the precedent to be established that if timber lands, waterfalls or other commercially valuable things in the National Parks are desired for private exploitation or for political purposes, the Park boundaries are to be shifted and juggled to get them out? That is what the Barbour bill aims to do. It should be amended to leave the Sequoia Park intact or else defeated. Political and commercial interests should be compelled to keep their hands off the National Parks.

WILLARD G. VAN NAME.

New York City.

The Department of Agriculture Replies

SIR: It is true that Representative Barbour's bill H. R. 7452, to modify the boundaries of the Sequoia National Park, does exclude from the park a little over 60,000 acres of land but it adds to the park 565,000 acres of land. It does exclude from the park 550 Big Trees of which 140 are privately-owned, but it includes within the park 500 other Big Trees all of which are publicly-owned. It does exclude from the park an undetermined area of timber-bearing land which Dr. Van Name gives at 35 square miles or about 22,400 acres but it adds to the park 165,000 acres of timber-bearing land of which 41,000 acres support timber of very high quality ranging from 10 to 25 thousand feet, B. M., per acre. It does eliminate from the park three townships of land which, aside from the several groups of Big Trees, is comparatively featureless and is cut off from the main body of the park so that it is visited by only a negligible proportion of the park visitors; but it adds to the park 565,000 acres of very rugged and distinctive scenery within which are embraced the great canyons of the Kern and Kings rivers, the Tehipite Canyon and other natural formations of surpassing excellence.

It is opposed by Dr. Willard G. Van Name but it is endorsed by the Boone and Crockett Club, Roosevelt Memorial Association, American Civic Association, National Parks Association, Society for Protection of National Parks, American Defense Society, California Academy of Sciences, Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, New York Zoological Society, National Arts Club, Camp Fire Club of America, Associated Mountaineering Clubs, Save the Redwoods League, American Society of Landscape Artists, National Geographic Society, Appalachian Mountain Club and the Sierra Club, organizations which number among their members literally thousands of people who have personal knowledge of the value of the area for National Park purposes and whose honest support of sound National Park principle cannot be questioned.

The Barbour bill does not add to the park the mineralized area around Mineral King, since to do so would require the authorization of mining within National Parks, certainly a most dangerous precedent. It does not include the three townships drained by Sugar Loaf Creek and Boulder Creek, since this region is primarily one of economic resources and certain to demand economic development. Within these townships there are considerable privately-owned lands and extensive logging operations are in progress. To include within a National Park areas of such character would be inconsistent with National Park principles.

The timber resources in the three townships proposed for transfer from the park are not sought for exploitation and cannot be exploited except through the medium of new and expensive railroad development. These townships are remote and topographically separated from the scenes of present lumbering operations to such an extent that there is absolutely no relation between them, nor can such a relation be established without a prohibitive and totally impracticable outlay of capital.

The Forest Service did not initiate nor has it pressed the idea of the transfer of the three townships from the Park to the National Forest. On the contrary, its position was and still is that if these townships truly possess National Park characteristics of paramount importance they should remain in the National Park and should not be the subject of barter or trade to accomplish other National Park objectives. After a careful consideration of all factors the Forest Service and Park Service reached an agreement that this area would serve its most useful purpose if given a National Forest status. The Forest Service also recognized the logic and equity of the transfer as a means of meeting objections to the enlargement of the Park which have been vigorously pressed by local residents, particularly stockgrowers who will, through the proposed enlargement, be deprived of economic uses upon which they have long been dependent.

There is, however, absolutely no justification whatever for the assertion that the proposed change in the status of the three townships was inspired by the Forest Service or set up by the Forest Service as the only condition upon which its assent would voluntarily be given to the modified boundaries which will take from the National Forest more than one-half a million acres of land.

The assertion that the area proposed for addition to the park is fit only for a rich man's park is abundantly refuted by the character of the past use of the area for recreation purposes. For many years this area has been a favorite with campers and tourists who enjoy wild and rugged country. Many traverse and enjoy it afoot, carrying on their backs the limited requirements for camp use. Many have found that one unassuming burro and their own sturdy legs furnish ample transportation. Simplicity has been the keynote of past use and there is no reason why a change in the status of the land should remove it from the enjoyment of the man of modest means.

E. A. SHERMAN.

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Acting Forester.
Washington, D. C.

The Harvest of Time

Time winnows beauty with a fiery wind,
Driving the dead chaff from the living grain.
Some day there will be golden sheaves to bind;
There will be wonder in the world again.
There will be lonely phrases born to power,
There will be words immortal and profound;
Though no man knows the coming of the hour,
And no man knows the sower or the ground.

It may be even now the ranging earth
Lifting to glory some forgotten land
Feels there deep beauty quickening to birth,
Sprung from the sowing of a hidden hand.
Beauty endures though towering empires die.
O, speed the blown chaff down the smoking sky!

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Why of the Ku Klux

SIR: Suppress the Ku Klux? By all means, but while we are suppressing it we need to discover the cause. Are there reasons for the rise of such movements? Is the Ku Klux the outward manifestation of an inner poison and will the body politic be permanently cured only when the disease is healed?

There are many features of this evil, but two especially serious ones can be named: First: Throughout all classes there is a growing scepticism of democracy, especially of the current American brand. Many Americans believe that there is little even-handed justice administered in the courts; that a poor man has little chance against a rich one; that many judges practically buy their places on the bench or are put there by powerful interests. The strong, able young man comes out of college ready to do his part in politics, but with the settled conviction that unless he can give full time there is no use "bucking up against the machine." Furthermore he believes the machines to be equally corrupt. "The miner in West Virginia sees the power of the state enlisted on the side of the mine owner. The citizens of New York, Chicago and Boston are under the bondage of corrupt machines working through Hylan, Thompson and Curley. The young officer sent to Washington for office duty during the war came back with the belief that graft prevailed everywhere. Men are asking whether perhaps after all autocracy is not better than democracy. They feel helpless to meet existing conditions. Many would like to be good citizens but do not know how to make any headway against the machine.

There is an ominous lack of good leadership. Most men of ability and character are unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices required in accepting office. In consequence the inferior or the corrupt often take the places left vacant through the others' evasion of duty.

When law breaks down, lynch law takes its place. The tyranny of the corrupt politician is replaced by the tyranny of mob rule. A mob has many parts: it may have a nucleus of honest-minded people, who genuinely believe that only in this way can justice be attained. The Fascisti in Italy and the Ku Klux in this country have much in common—loyalty to the best interests of the country is loudly proclaimed, while their aims are promoted by violence and tyranny. Training in the ranks of the better elements are the suspicious and the violent—the haters and the mischief-makers. Ignorance is always an easy victim of fear and suspicion, and such a movement among the unintelligent may start a blaze not easily put out.

We may cease to fear movements of this kind only when America becomes a law-abiding country; when our courts are above suspicion; when the rights of free speech and opinion are restored, when the rich and the poor become equal before the courts—when our governments in nation, state, city and town become honest. If we will not take the laborious path of faithful citizenship—if good and able men and women will not consent to lead us, then once in so often these short cuts to justice will be taken.

A second element of this national disease is the presence of large organizations which under the sanction of religion are permitted to gather great stores of money which are secretly collected and secretly disbursed. Every year new pressure is put upon business and politics to publish a report of all money handled. Newberry could have passed ten years ago more easily than he can today. Great business corporations are finding it increasingly difficult to keep their books from the questioning eyes of the public. The mine operators will soon have to reveal their gains to the world.

Secrecy always breeds suspicion. The fear and suspicion felt of the Roman Catholic and Mormon churches is based largely on their unwillingness to report receipts and expenditures. People have no disposition to control their beliefs; we are all too anxious to have freedom for ourselves, but they do object to such stores of treasure being held by strong organizations endowed with the added power of religious authority. How is this money used? Does it shape our public schools, determine the contents of the public libraries, elect senators, congressmen, and justices of the Supreme Court? Does it prevent the formation of a department of education at Washington? Does this money give the Mormon church the balance of power in a presidential election and control business which in turn affects the national

welfare? No organization, religious or secular, should be permitted to close its books against state inspection. If it is doing nothing of which it need be ashamed it will not wish to do so. Religious and charitable institutions should be above suspicion. We believe that a "state cannot exist half slave and half free." Do we also realize that it cannot survive half democratic and half autocratic? If the Mormon and Roman Catholic churches wish to have peace and friendly relations with their neighbors, let them come out frankly and open their books. So long as this secrecy lasts suspicion and fear will last. So long as this suspicion and fear last there will be a festering sore in our body politic and such freakish and often criminal organizations as the Ku Klux will be the outer manifestation of this inner poison. Honest government and publicity in the handling of money are vital conditions of public health.

MARY W. HERRING.

New York City.

Testing the Intelligence Tests

SIR: Everyone is a psychologist in so far as he has mental experience and is able to observe, realize and interpret that experience. Many aspects of our present psychologic knowledge are intuitive, and when intuition takes on the character of James's rare insight, it becomes a great source of truth. In this realm of intuitive psychology Mr. Lippmann is undoubtedly able. But there are also aspects of psychologic science in which our knowledge depends on experimentation and the careful analysis of facts obtained through experiment. In these fields intuition cannot presume to the truth. One of the most important of these fields is that of mental testing.

It is impossible for even an open-minded student to realize the significance of the findings in regard to mental tests, unless he has, in addition to having carefully studied the literature of the subject, observed and experimented with the actual administration of the tests. *The only valid source of judgment as to their value or truth is actual experience with them.* The most scornful of objectors, who have given the tests the chance of defending themselves by using them or observing their use by trained and competent testers, and keeping in touch with the children whose pedagogic treatment has been guided by the results of this testing, can no longer doubt that the Stanford-Binet tests do indeed test what their authors (and modestly enough at that) say they do.

This type of hearing Mr. Lippmann has not given the tests. He has not even come to the study of the literature of tests with an open mind, being admittedly moved to hatred of the assumption of the possibility of such measurement. He is therefore not in a position to offer to the public a critical judgment about them.

Since Mr. Lippmann has by his articles aroused a furore of antagonism to the tests, he cannot in fairness evade a rather serious responsibility toward the progress of science itself. If Mr. Lippmann is indeed sincerely interested in learning about the tests, and not merely in achieving the flair of a sensational criticism, he will take steps to put himself in a position to speak fairly concerning them, and then present his revised judgments. He is at present not in such a position. He has, on the basis of inadequate understanding and obviously lacking experimental experience, presented a misleading and harmful account of the work which sincere and earnest scientists have devoted years of effort to building up. This is not so much a criticism of Mr. Lippmann as an appeal to his intellectual honesty.

The other persons who have been led to raise their voices in support of Mr. Lippmann's also suffer under the same lack of any sufficient basis for a judgment in the matter. Mr. Townsend's comment that two children of identical I. Q. are nevertheless very different is as absurd as it is beside the point. No one, least of all Dr. Terman, ever assumed that they are not. But certainly two children of 85 I. Q. (and Mr. Townsend should also note, *of the same mental age*) are certainly vastly more similar, at least in regard to pedagogical implications than two children of, say, 85 and 120. At least, if Mr. Townsend has not found them so, he has been dealing with a group of children astoundingly different from any yet encountered elsewhere. And as for Mr. Gerdy, who ridicules test psychology

because the psychologists do not yet know all about the nature of intelligence, he might as well condemn the use of electrical machinery on the grounds that physicists are not yet entirely certain just exactly what electricity is. A. W. takes up once more the so difficult question of "A" scores. To be sure, any test could be so generously timed that even relatively stupid persons could finish considerably more items than they now can. They would not thereby be rendered less stupid. Under such a timing, the point which marks the lower limit of "A" scores would have to be moved upward, since "A-ness" indicates, not an absolute score, but a *proportionate one*, in relation to the total distribution of scores. The determination of this proportion rests on scientifically established statistical laws, which A. W. can learn if he will take a course in statistical methods at any of our large universities.

But arguments as to facts are profitless, since they could be carried through a year's file of the New Republic and still leave the *a priori* theorists unenlightened and unconvinced. The point I wish to make is that no one who has a scientific conscience has the right to discredit experimental work until he has an adequate basis for judging it. And the New Republic readers have a right to have this called to their attention.

NORMAN FENTON.

Tempe Normal School of Arizona,
Tempe, Arizona.

Minorities in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes

SIR: I was not a little astonished to find in the columns of a review generally so well informed as the New Republic the statement that "extermination or expulsion of minorities . . . has been practised against Germans and Magyars in Jugoslavia."

This is not the case. When the frontiers of the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes were laid down after the war there were a certain number of Magyars and Germans in the added territory. This was inevitable in a territory with a mixed population. But I can assure that a still greater number of Jugoslavs remained on foreign territory.

There has in no instance been any massacre or expulsion of these minorities. Every non-Jugoslav who respects the law and lives at peace with the government enjoys all the rights and privileges possessed by the Jugoslav population. In no instance have they been molested or expelled.

On the other hand the Belgrade government has had repeatedly to complain of incursions on its territory by armed bands of Bulgarians who have massacred the inhabitants and destroyed their property.

In Hungary the Jugoslavs left on Magyar territory have been victims of all sorts of aggressions by the terrorists of the Horthy régime. Since the foundation of the Kingdom the Belgrade government has received reports from the Jugoslavs on foreign territory of acts of arbitrary oppression, persecutions, closing of Jugoslav schools, etc.

The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is a free and democratic state where the largest possible liberty is accorded to all the citizens. All the country asks is to be left in peace. Unfortunately its neighbors do not follow a similar policy and the lives of the Jugoslavs beyond the frontiers is rendered as difficult as possible.

I regret that a review of the eminence of the New Republic should have given currency to statements which are calculated to discredit our state in the eyes of the American public.

A. TRESICH PAVICHICH,
*Minister of the Kingdom of the Serbs,
Croats and Slovenes.*

Washington, D. C.

The Return of the Indemnity Fund to China

SIR: The bill on the return of the remaining portion of the indemnity fund, amounting to about \$11,000,000, by the American government to China, now pending in the Congress, is likely to be passed in a short time. The significance of this act can well be imagined. But the fund has not yet been

designated for any definite use. Various proposals, however, have been advanced for consideration, but the main trend of those proposals seems to be for educational development in China.

Had the part of the indemnity fund returned in 1908 been devoted to other use than the founding of an educational institution in Peking to train students for American universities and colleges, the result China is now reaping might not be so gratifying. Today, Tsing Hua College, in spite of its many inherent defects, probably characteristic of any institution of that nature, stands as an unquestioned monument of goodwill between China and America, and as a centre of influence which will in time radiate in all lines of China's life.

But for the present, the state of national affairs and of the educational situation seems to make the foundation of any additional institution of similar nature unwise. Higher educational institutions are indeed essential to national development, but such institutions without adequate staff and equipment and a true scientific spirit to substantiate their name are ornaments for which China has no use. America, for example, is probably facing the same situation very acutely. The numerous universities and colleges—far too many to meet its actual needs—have, according to many, failed of their mission to a lamentable degree. European countries have been somewhat wiser in their policies. By concentrating their educational interest and materials in a few well regulated and administered institutions, they are able to make those institutions true social, scientific and professional centres. But in Europe, as in America, the development of sciences, philosophy, literature, and other lines of thought have not been coordinated with the work of the universities.

What China needs is the development of her natural resources, inauguration of new industries, promotion of the materialistic welfare of the society. This cannot be accomplished without the aid of science and scientific knowledge. There are in China numberless problems awaiting solution which can not very well be found in the ordinary college laboratories or shops which are generally limited in scope. Naturally a great deal of this knowledge will have to be brought over from western countries. But wholesale adoption is utterly unwise. It must be adapted to Chinese conditions and problems. The logical conclusion is the necessity of scientific development and researches by the Chinese and for the Chinese, with the assistance of foreigners.

The opportunity offered by the return of the indemnity fund at once suggests the possibility of establishing a national Research Institute in which men of scientific caliber can be gathered and provided with assured facilities and opportunities for productive research work which will not only be beneficial to China but to humanity.

The exact form of such an organization is a matter for careful deliberation. Institutions like the Smithsonian Institute or scientific academies in European countries furnish models for our consideration. The essential idea is to promote a well administered centre where men of science can find provision for intensive studies on specific problems with well proportioned funds for the purpose. If this project can be put through in its concrete form with the efforts of both the Chinese and the American people, then the sound principle behind the return of the fund will be well applied.

CHI-PAO SHENG.

New York City.

"Introduced by Request"

SIR: I was interested by the articles upon Senator Borah in your issue of January 3rd; and it occurred to me that you might wish to make editorial comment upon another situation with which he has some connection, and regarding which most people are entirely ignorant.

Senator Borah about a month ago prepared and perhaps even introduced a bill limiting the profits of the newly created Joint Stock Land Banks to 6 percent. Such a drastic proposal as this, of course, tended to alarm the holders of the securities of these banks, as well as to weaken the confidence of the public in the stability of government enterprise.

Whether the bill is right or wrong is not what I wish to emphasize, but that this bill was "Introduced by Request." It appears that such bills are often introduced into Congress; and that "Introduced by Request" is printed upon the upper left hand

corner of such bills. This is another way of saying that the sponsor of the bill cares nothing about it and will not push it. Mr. Borah in reply to telegrams, etc., occasioned by this proposal of his, has written to several bankers and to the President of one of the large Joint Stock Land Banks, that he "has not had time to study the provisions of this bill and does not know whether he will vote for it or not." I understand from other sources that this bill is to be pigeon-holed or killed in committee, as are most other bills "Introduced by Request."

I think that there should be a law against this sort of thing. Anyone with the standing and prestige of Senator Borah could use such a bill for operations in the Stock Market; and there is no end of damage that might be caused by the introduction of bills of which the sponsor knows nothing, and has no interest.

EDWARD D. TOLAND.

Concord, New Hampshire.

Some Courses in Public Discussion

SIR: I have just read Professor Overstreet's trenchant and meaty critique of current methods of debate and group thinking in a recent issue of the New Republic and I hasten to swear allegiance to its doctrine. But may I direct the attention of those interested in educational methods to what is, I believe, in point of time at least, its intellectual mother?

Long before 1919 at Wellesley and ever since then at the Boston Trade Union College, Professor A. D. Sheffield has been conducting his classes in "public speaking" on the principles set forth by Professor Overstreet. One has but to read Professor Sheffield's talks as printed in the proceedings of the 1920 Convention, Massachusetts State Branch, A. F. of L., and in the second annual report of the Workers' Educational Bureau Conference and his book *Joining in Public Discussion*, reviewed in your issue of December 27, 1922, in order to recognize his spiritual kinship to Professor Overstreet.

It may also be interesting to note that the course labelled Committee Reports, as given in the English Department at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is a result of Professor Sheffield's long expressed views. What it attempts to do may be ascertained by reading the chapter on *Joining in Public Discussion* dealing with the matter.

HENRY WISE.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Not "A Backfire Against Hatred"

SIR: Reading from Pierre Hamp's *Partnership in Poverty* in a recent issue of the New Republic:

"What humanity needs now is a great backfire against hatred, a world-wide assault. . . . War is a misfortune which men need simply to abstain from in order to destroy it. . . . Let us give as well as take, that the time may be not far distant when intelligent countries will refuse to listen to the screaming of war-makers."

Such statements are irritatingly foolish and impotent. They are as helpless as a group of physicians theorizing about the means of destroying cancer when they know nothing of its cause. Hamp, to do him justice, went on to describe how a cancellation of war debts and a Foundation for Franco-German Friendship, strengthened by propaganda paid for by the American money derived from this cancellation, would go to create a spirit of sympathy and understanding between the French and Germans, and establish European solidarity. If it were not so unfortunate it really would be amusing, the fact that Hamp expects the present owners of industry and finance, the real owners of government, quite willingly and graciously to make this concession. He does not realize that the people who urge such methods are persons like himself and Frank Harris, zealous but not profound idealists, nor does he perceive the causes that have started the things which he intends so neatly and romantically to dispose of. He does not see, for example, that all the peace societies advocated by pastors and organized by school-men can be of little significance and value so long as the mass industrial wealth of the country is owned by private individuals, and not by the workers who create it. This private wealth arises from certain economic causes that make it under present conditions inevitable, and protects and expands itself by war. To cry for more justice, more brotherliness then is ineffectual—it is as bad as getting a Christian Scientist to cure a broken leg. What is needed is an actual awareness of economic causes and a steady conscious working toward their change—intelligent socialism, a

state in which industry is owned and governed by its workers (workers include mental as well as manual) is the only possible thing that can do away with war. The sources of public opinion, newspapers, magazines, books and pulpits, which with their policies controlled by the private wealth of the country are able to stimulate war spirit in ordinarily the most pacific of individuals would then be in the hands of a workers' state, the entire attitude of which would be against war. Not "a backfire against hatred"—for hatred, like love, is only a result of certain conditions that man has been forced to live under—is needed to end war, but an organized struggle for a socialized state. Without such a socialized state it will be impossible to do away with war—League of Nations, Franco-German Foundations, Peace Societies notwithstanding.

The editorial policy of the New Republic, therefore, should certainly be condemned for publishing such a wobbly, insubstantial piece of work. It creates a tendency to evasion that is unhealthy. It shows a too ready willingness to be caught by the emotional rather than guided by the rational. It is too content to fall back on vague meaningless generalities, love, brotherliness and the like, without searching to the causes that might make the spirit that they try to represent possible of actuality.

GEORGE GOETZ.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dr. DuBois's Article

SIR: Illustration in the New Republic is rare, especially since the disappearance of *The Crow's Nest*. When I opened my belated copy for January 3rd, therefore, my eye was immediately caught by a graphic chart in Dr. DuBois's article, *The South and a Third Party*. The idea conveyed by this map-chart is indeed startling. But a glance at the ratios shown on the several geographic sections reveals that the chart is an abuse of graphic principle. Corruption of graphic principle, however, is so common a thing that one is no more shocked over a case of it than, say, over a lynching.

The abuse lies in this: The ratios which the chart attempts to illustrate represent the power of single votes in the several sections. The chart itself, on the other hand, conveys the idea of relative power of and among the sections as such. This discrepancy, even in the feature exhibit of the article, might be pardoned as a bit of bad technique if it were not for the fact that the graphic misrepresentation is backed by altogether consistent verbal misrepresentation.

Referring to a list of figures showing, state by state, votes cast per Representative in Congress, Dr. DuBois says: "This shows not only the political advantage which the East has over the Middle West, Northwest and the Southwest, but also the tremendous and unbelievable power of the South." It does not. What it does show is simply that suffrage in the South is highly concentrated.

But certainly no New Republic reader, thanks to his enviable IQ, will confuse high concentration of power in one section with its aggregate power as matched against the power of other sections. If the two conditions could be held equivalent, what a new and utterly crushing argument we would have against democracy as a practical concept!

Of course Dr. DuBois does not and would not attempt to argue that the two things are one. But whether or not with design, that is just what he says by rather more than implication. I see no good reason to accuse him of attempting a disingenuous appeal to sectional jealousy. But, to avoid exposure to misunderstanding, he should be on his guard against the all too popular practice of misusing statistics to make a case.

JAMES GRANTHAM.

Chicago, Illinois.

Turkey: What a Lovely Place!

SIR: I note that the Allies demanded from the Turks exemption from military service for Christians. Can you think of any reason why this exemption claim should be restricted to Christians in Turkey? If the Turks grant the demand what a lovely place Turkey will be to live in, at least for those of us who do not believe in fighting!

EDWARD D. TITTMANN.

El Paso, Texas.

The Cult of Autosuggestion

Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion, by Émile Coué. New York: American Library Service. \$1.00.

The Practice of Autosuggestion by the Method of Émile Coué, by C. Harry Brooks. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

Émile Coué: The Man and His Work, by Hugh MacNaughton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.00.

My Pilgrimage to Coué, by Ella Boyce Kirk. New York: American Library Service. \$1.25.

FOR ten years or more, from the town of Nancy in France have come reports of mental cures performed by a kindly man, Émile Coué, rivalling in wonder the older healing of Greatrakes (1628) and Gassner (1773), or the modern miracles of Lourdes, and the unreserved claims of Christian Science. More recently the cult has invaded England and our own shores by way of primers giving records of cases and an exposition of the principles underlying the practice, and now by the appearance of M. Coué himself on the lecture platform. The technique is simplicity itself. Place the patient in a receptive attitude, persuade him by tactful but authoritative argument that his symptoms result from discouragement and false ways of thinking; let him repeat the formula: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better," the while tallying his autosuggestions on a twenty-knotted cord, and a prompt cure will reward his faith. Pains are banished by reciting an auctioneer-like formula: "Going! Going! Gone!" The sight of former patients restored to health—of yesterday's lame no longer halt, the tortured calm, the deaf hearing and the blind seeing, the depressed joyous—powerfully affects the eager expectancy of the sick, assembled from near and far by the prestige of an engaging personality.

For principle: the discovery that our ills, like our actions, spring not from our will but from our imagination; whenever the will and the imagination are in conflict, the imagination wins. For proof: the golfer with his eyes on the bunker, the bicyclist intent upon a tree, the timid wayfarer crossing a stream on a plank, all court disaster through fear; everywhere the contemplation of failure induces failure. Furthermore, the deeper subconscious springs of action must be touched, the submerged and resistant phase of mind must give consent, to bring convictions and convert imagination to reality. "Say it with faith." Do not use effort, for effort is the instrument of the conscious will. Passively and quietly, change the course of ideas and drive all ache and care away. Most sufferers are choked with adverse suggestions, with depressed outlooks, memories of failures, and long hopeless odds.

Neurasthenia, stammering, aversions, kleptomania, certain cases of paralysis, are nothing but the result of unconscious auto-suggestion, that is to say, the result of the action of the *unconscious* upon the physical and moral being. "Shut yourself up alone in a room, seat yourself in an armchair, close your eyes to avoid any distraction, and concentrate your mind for a few moments on thinking: 'Such and such a thing is going to disappear,' or 'such and such a thing is coming to pass.'" If you have really made the auto-suggestion, that is to say, if your unconscious has assimilated the idea that you have presented to it, you are astonished to see the thing you have thought come to pass.

Those who cannot so readily command faith are impressed by works. Mr. Brooks gives a graphic description of cases and their setting. Case 1: a blacksmith who for ten years has not been able to lift his arm above the shoulder; a brief verbal treatment and back he goes to his anvil. Case 2: a woman suffering for five years with indigestion, intolerant of even a milk diet, leaves the clinic for a restaurant and runs the gauntlet of an elaborate table-d'hôte without discomfort. Case 3: an asthmatic patient, struggling for breath and sleep, unable to go upstairs without agony, promptly runs up a flight of steps and in time regains a normal night's rest. Cases 4, 5, 6, etc.: Consumption, tremors, club-feet, rheumatism, eczema, gout, loss of voice, bronchitis, all appear in the protocols, extending over twenty years, though the common nervous and mental incapacities dominate. A successful autosuggestion clinic for children is conducted by Mlle. Kauffmant; while parents are assured that by standing at the bedside of their sleeping offspring and uttering suggestions for health and good behavior, their educational intentions will be realized. Criminals will yield to the same technique and cast aside their evil ways. Eugenics is unnecessary. The expectant mother "makes a mental picture" of the sex of the child, and "of the physical and moral qualities with which she desires to see it endowed," and by autosuggestion "the child will have the sex and qualities desired."

Clearly there is slight novelty here, no esoteric principle, no unfamiliar technique. In the same town of Nancy fifty years ago, Dr. Liebault, with the independence of a pioneer, developed hypnotic therapeutics and suggestion. M. Coué and the Lorraine Society of Applied Psychology are repeating his career with a simplified technique. There is thus a newer and an older Nancy school. Manners have changed, and the Coué pamphlet advertises that Marquis Curzon of Keadleston, threatened with withdrawal from public life by illness, was cured by autosuggestion after all other methods had failed; and, still more important, that the Countess Beatty, whose illness interfered with her entertainments last year, by the grace of autosuggestion is again one of London's active hostesses. By way of parallel, we read that in 1665 Greatrakes came to England from Ireland by invitation of Lord Conway to cure: "that excellent lady of his, the pains of whose head, as great and as unparalleled as they are have not made her more known and admired at home and abroad, than have her other endowments." It seems a pity to spoil the tale by the later information that the Countess Beatty has had a relapse.

The problem precipitated upon public attention by this notably successful cult—so successful that in New York M. Coué had to seek the protection of the police from the importunate demands for his services—is serious, and somewhat baffling. Here in cosmopolitan New York we may contemplate the expansive and expensive machinery of the medical profession, the elaborate equipment, the ingenious scientific research, the expert training of selected adepts, the years of clinical experience, the slowly maturing wisdom of human tact and professional diagnosis—and for result, at best a modest relief of suffering and fair control of disease; at second best, a muddling through with the help of nature and the patient's constitution. And there, in provincial Nancy, a formula, a kindly talk, a positive assurance, a garden-party of recovered invalids, and a prompt harvest of easy cures and abundant testimonials of gratitude. Are the modern hospital and the medical school and the clinic and research laboratory dispensable dispensaries,

to be replaced by amateur "Societies of Applied Psychology?"

Within the field of the specialist in nervous and mental incapacities, the question strikes nearer home. Do tact and patience, and insight into the subtle workings of the mind, and a thorough appreciation of the intricate and obscure mechanisms operative in a complicated personality temporarily out of adjustment through the devastation of ill health or stress of circumstance—does all this difficult attainment, which but few of the ablest practitioners command in notable measure, count for naught, and may the mental healer of whatever cult or persuasion safely and successfully rush in where the too timid and conservative wise men fear to tread? Is the proper course to scrap the psychiatric clinic and the elaborately equipped sanitarium and turn to autosuggestion? These questions are asked not with the professional bias, but with the layman's interest—and deeply interested he is, when the boil is on his own neck, and the six months or years of expensive recuperation are provided at his own reckoning. Now and then from within the profession come similar reports of incredible statistics of cure and relief, of strangely simple methods of "outwitting our nerves" and banishing worry and the too knowing doctor.

The explanation of the discrepancy is a fair demand. Certain clues lie near at hand. Patients likely to be benefited by such treatment are attracted to it; they are in a measure selected by their temperament; and it is the same temperament that inclines to the psychopathic incapacities and to their relief by mental methods. There is thus a marked auto-selection of cases. The general practitioner and the nervous specialist meet with the average run of mild, marked and extreme disorder and complication; possibly, the greater the physician's fame and skill, the more likely he is to meet with obstinate cases and the more difficult personalities drawn from the more educated and less amenable strata of society. His prestige is never that of a uniform cure. His success proceeds from the less dramatic methods of careful analysis, minute observation, shrewd guessing, tentative attempts between the too little and the too much, spurring a waning courage, tiding over the despondency of frequent set-backs, dissipating recurrent phobias, erecting a temporary moral scaffolding until the reconstructed structure can stand alone. All this belies utterly the quick cure-all claims of autosuggestion. The conspicuous fact of neurological practice is the strong and long resistance of so large a proportion of nervous ills to even the best of methods, and their slow yielding to wise persistent treatment through encouragement of the natural processes of recovery, through shrewd use of times and seasons, bolstering the ups and relieving the downs in the precarious obstacle-race toward normality.

Unquestionably the nervous factor in recovery is a very large one, even in ills essentially of other origin and course; likewise the last steps are often credited with the cure that is properly ascribed to the long persistent treatment and preparatory improvement which is reported to have failed. Also, every new cure revives a fading hope, and there is a natural "coefficient of amelioration" which must be substantially lowered in the estimate in the light of subsequent relapses.

But all this granted, a perplexing problem remains. For paradoxically, two opposed trends of interpretation and treatment flourish in a common environment. The psychic treatment of disease prevails; but so does the reference of the same order of maladjustment and inferiority to obscure

glands whose secretions determine emotional poise and mental edge. Is it the thyroid and the adrenal or the imagination that is at fault? Shall we turn for cure to suggestion, or to drugs and the knife? Shall it be Coué or Mayo? Freud or the Medical Institute? These queries will not down; there seems in truth to be an unredeemed province of therapeutics, which should be reclaimed under the accredited authority of established medicine. For the great majority of practitioners—also of laymen and the increasing group of psychologists and social ministers to body and mind and so much of soul as remains in these emancipated days—is agreed that the kingdom of sanity is not to be taken by storm, but only by approaches in the spirit of patient understanding, with occasional drastic and bold strategy. Not that the problem is thus solved, or the true rôle of the cult of autosuggestion, now riding on the wave of a recurrent popularity, analyzed and explained. The query remains, and the recorded successes cannot be set aside as all error and delusion. Their mechanism and their value remain to be determined.

The paeans of praise lack the true ring of scientific conviction. The atmosphere of the "pilgrimage" attaches to the cult, and in the narrative of Mr. MacNaughton attains the feeble heights of cloying worship, not usually associated with such dignified positions as vice-provost of Eton College, or Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The appreciations recall the patent-medicine annals of gratitude; the critical note is lacking. Mrs. Kirk, in *My Pilgrimage to Coué*, repeats the ecstatic note of the cured and grateful votary, closing her testimonial with a credo, in which Coué, a few pages back hailed as a genius, is revered as a saint. M. Coué is unpretentious and superficial, finding a sufficient support in popular illustration and optimistic aphorisms. The psychological exponent of the cult is M. Charles Baudouin of Geneva, whose views show insight and are worthy of consideration.

In the present instance we are dealing with a practitioner pure and simple—for the philanthropic motives of M. Coué are sincere and his lack of critical faculty strengthens rather than weakens sympathy and admiration of his benevolent ministrations. But to the query whether such movements make for progress in the commanding problem of ministering to ills that flesh or fantasy is heir to, or whether they hinder and encourage the strong tendency to revert to earlier stages of an imperfect rationality, the answer of psychologists with a medical interest as of physicians with a psychological insight, is explicit. The appeal to the imagination as against the will on the one side and the reason on the other is a reversion, and an undesirable one. The dominant message of the psychiatric reconstructionist, whose experience has recently been vastly increased by the shock of war neuroses, is control; the emphasis of the educator remains that of self-control; the neuropathic patient is urged to go in and win his own health, and attain a sense of triumph that attaches to the obedient muscle and the disciplined will. Again, from the Freudian disciples comes the warning of the danger that inheres in fantasy and the unwillingness to face reality. Against all this the autosuggestion cult builds up a fantasy of health, the miracle of restoration by a formula, that lacks even the compensating good humor of Gerald Stanley Lee's *Invisible Exercise*. All this goes backward in cultural history toward a primitive psychology that is increasingly out of harmony with the forces that make for social stability and mental integrity. Admittedly the average man, and the best of us, if beset with ills would prefer an irrational

cure to a rational persistence of incapacity; this all too human factor is entitled to respect. Yet in our responsible moments we lean to a further declaration of faith in the progressive development of accredited medicine, which, however imperfectly, incorporates the psychological aspects of disease and the personal factor which makes (or mars) the case; which is content to register a modest success in a difficult domain; and recognizes that false simplifications are misleading, that cults come and go, leaving slight deposits on the sands of experience.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

An Anatomy of Melancholy

The Waste Land, by T. S. Eliot. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50.

MR. T. S. ELIOT is one of the most individual of contemporary poets, and at the same time, anomalously, one of the most "traditional." By individual I mean that he can be, and often is (distressingly, to some) aware in his own way; as when he observes of a woman (in *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*) that the door "opens on her like a grin" and that the corner of her eye "Twists like a crooked pin." Everywhere, in the very small body of his work, is similar evidence of a delicate sensibility, somewhat shrinking, somewhat injured, and always sharply itself. But also, with this capacity or necessity for being aware in his own way, Mr. Eliot has a haunting, a tyrannous awareness that there have been many other awarenesses before; and that the extent of his own awareness, and perhaps even the nature of it, is a consequence of these. He is, more than most poets, conscious of his roots. If this consciousness had not become acute in *Prufrock* or the *Portrait of a Lady*, it was nevertheless probably there: and the roots were quite conspicuously French, and dated, say, 1870-1900. A little later, as if his sense of the past had become more pressing, it seemed that he was positively redirecting his roots—urging them to draw a morbid dramatic sharpness from Webster and Donne, a faded dry gilt of cynicism and formality from the Restoration. This search of the tomb produced Sweeney and Whispers of Immortality. And finally, in *The Waste Land*, Mr. Eliot's sense of the literary past has become so overmastering as almost to constitute the motive of the work. It is as if, in conjunction with the Mr. Pound of the *Cantos*, he wanted to make a "literature of literature"—a poetry not more actuated by life itself than by poetry; as if he had concluded that the characteristic awareness of a poet of the 20th century must inevitably, or ideally, be a very complex and very literary awareness able to speak only, or best, in terms of the literary past, the terms which had moulded its tongue. This involves a kind of idolatry of literature with which it is a little difficult to sympathize. In positing, as it seems to, that there is nothing left for literature to do but become a kind of parasitic growth on literature, a sort of mistletoe, it involves, I think, a definite astigmatism—a distortion. But the theory is interesting if only because it has colored an important and brilliant piece of work.

The Waste Land is unquestionably important, unquestionably brilliant. It is important partly because its 433 lines summarize Mr. Eliot, for the moment, and demonstrate that he is an even better poet than most had thought; and partly because it embodies the theory just touched upon, the theory of the "allusive" method in poetry. *The Waste Land* is, indeed, a poem of allusion all compact.

It purports to be symbolical; most of its symbols are drawn from literature or legend; and Mr. Eliot has thought it necessary to supply, in notes, a list of the many quotations, references, and translations with which it bristles. He observes candidly that the poem presents "difficulties," and requires "elucidation." This serves to raise at once, the question whether these difficulties, in which perhaps Mr. Eliot takes a little pride, are so much the result of complexity, a fine elaborateness, as of confusion. The poem has been compared, by one reviewer, to a "full-rigged ship built in a bottle," the suggestion being that it is a perfect piece of construction. But is it a perfect piece of construction? Is the complex material mastered, and made coherent? Or, if the poem is not successful in that way, in what way is it successful? Has it the formal and intellectual complex unity of a microscopic *Divine Comedy*; or is its unity—supposing it to have one—of another sort?

If we leave aside for the moment all other considerations, and read the poem solely with the intention of understanding, with the aid of the notes, the symbolism; of making out what it is that is symbolized, and how these symbolized feelings are brought into relation with each other and with the other matters in the poem; I think we must, with reservations, and with no invidiousness, conclude that the poem is not, in any formal sense, coherent. We cannot feel that all the symbolisms belong quite inevitably where they have been put; that the order of the parts is an inevitable order; that there is anything more than a rudimentary progress from one theme to another; nor that the relation between the more symbolic parts and the less is always as definite as it should be. What we feel is that Mr. Eliot has not wholly annealed the allusive matter, has left it unabsorbed, lodged in gleaming fragments amid material alien to it. Again, there is a distinct weakness consequent on the use of allusions which may have both intellectual and emotional value for Mr. Eliot, but (even with the notes) none for us. The "*Waste Land*," of the Grail Legend, might be a good symbol, if it were something with which we were sufficiently familiar. But it can never, even when explained, be a good symbol, simply because it has no immediate associations for us. It might, of course, be a good *theme*. In that case it would be *given* us. But Mr. Eliot uses it for purposes of overtone; he refers to it; and as overtone it quite clearly fails. He gives us, superbly, a waste land—not *the Waste Land*. Why, then, refer to the latter at all—if he is not, in the poem, really going to use it? Hyacinth fails in the same way. So does the Fisher King. So does the Hanged Man, which Mr. Eliot tells us he associates with Frazer's Hanged God—we take his word for it. But if the precise association is worth anything, it is worth *putting into the poem*; otherwise there can be no purpose in mentioning it. Why, again, Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata? Or Shantih? Do they not say a good deal less for us than "Give: sympathize: control" or "Peace"? Of course; but Mr. Eliot replies that he wants them not merely to mean those particular things, but also to mean them in a particular way—that is, to be remembered in connection with a Upanishad. Unfortunately, we have none of us this memory, nor can he give it to us; and in the upshot he gives us only a series of agreeable sounds which might as well have been nonsense. What we get at, and I think it is important, is that in none of these particular cases does the reference, the allusion, justify itself intrinsically, make itself felt. When we are aware of these references at all (sometimes they are unidentifiable) we

are aware of them simply as something unintelligible but suggestive. When they have been explained, we are aware of the material referred to, the fact, (for instance, a vegetation ceremony,) as something useless for our enjoyment or understanding of the poem, something distinctly "dragged in," and only, perhaps, of interest as having suggested a pleasantly ambiguous line. For unless an allusion is made to live identifiably, to flower, where transplanted, it is otiose. We admit the beauty of the implicational or allusive method; but the key to an implication should be in the implication itself, not outside of it. We admit the value of esoteric pattern: but the pattern should itself disclose its secret, should not be dependent on a cypher. Mr. Eliot assumes for his allusions, and for the fact that they actually allude to something, an importance which the allusions themselves do not, as expressed, aesthetically command, nor, as explained, logically command; which is pretentious. He is a little pretentious, too, in his "plan,"—"qui pourtant n'existe pas." If it is a plan, then its principle is oddly akin to planlessness. Here and there, in the wilderness, a broken finger-post.

I enumerate these objections not, I must emphasize, in derogation of the poem, but to dispel, if possible, an illusion as to its nature. It is perhaps important to note that Mr. Eliot, with his comment on the "plan," and several critics, with their admiration of the poem's woven complexity, minister to the idea that *The Waste Land* is, precisely, a kind of epic in a walnut shell: elaborate, ordered, unfolded with a logic at every joint discernible; but it is also important to note that this idea is false. With or without the notes the poem belongs rather to that symbolical order in which one may justly say that the "meaning" is not explicitly, or exactly, worked out. Mr. Eliot's net is wide, its meshes are small; and he catches a good deal more—thank heaven—than he pretends to. If space permitted one could pick out many lines and passages and parodies and quotations which do not demonstrably, in any "logical" sense, carry forward the theme, passages which unjustifiably, but happily, "expand" beyond its purpose. Thus the poem has an emotional value far clearer and richer than its arbitrary and rather unworkable logical value. One might assume that it originally consisted of a number of separate poems which have been telescoped,—given a kind of forced unity. The *Waste Land* conception offered itself as a generous net which would, if not unify, at any rate contain these varied elements. We are aware of a superficial "binding"—we observe the anticipation and repetition of themes, motifs; "Fear death by water" anticipates the episode of Phlebas, the cry of the nightingale is repeated; but these are pretty flimsy links, and do not genuinely bind because they do not reappear naturally, but arbitrarily. This suggests, indeed, that Mr. Eliot is perhaps attempting a kind of program music in words, endeavoring to rule out "emotional accidents" by supplying his readers, in notes, with only those associations which are correct. He himself hints at the musical analogy when he observes that "In the first part of Part V three themes are employed."

I think, therefore, that the poem must be taken,—most invitingly offers itself,—as a brilliant and kaleidoscopic confusion; as a series of sharp, discrete, slightly related perceptions and feelings, dramatically and lyrically presented, and violently juxtaposed, (for effect of dissonance) so as to give us an impression of an intensely modern, intensely literary consciousness which perceives itself to be not a unit but a chance correlation or conglomerate of mutually discolorative fragments. We are invited into a

mind, a world, which is a "broken bundle of mirrors"; a "heap of broken images." Isn't it that Mr. Eliot, finding it "impossible to say just what he means,"—to recapitulate, to enumerate all the events and discoveries and memories that makes a consciousness,—has emulated the "magic lantern" that throws "the nerves in pattern on a screen"? If we perceive the poem in this light, as a series of brilliant, brief, unrelated or dimly related pictures by which a consciousness empties itself of its characteristic contents, then we also perceive that, anomalously, though the dropping out of any one picture would not in the least affect the logic or "meaning" of the whole, it would seriously detract from the value of the portrait. The "plan" of the poem would not greatly suffer, one makes bold to assert, by the elimination of "April is the cruelest month," or Phlebas, or the Thames daughters, or Sosostris or "You gave me hyacinths" or "A woman drew her long black hair out tight"; nor would it matter if it did. These things are not important parts of an important or careful intellectual pattern; but they are important parts of an important emotional ensemble. The relations between Tiresias (who is said to unify the poem, in a sense, as spectator) and the *Waste Land*, or Mr. Eugenides, or Hyacinth, or any other fragment, is a dim and tonal one, not exact. It will not bear analysis, it is not always operating, nor can one with assurance, at any given point, say how much it is operating. In this sense *The Waste Land* is a series of separate poems or passages, not perhaps all written at one time or with one aim, to which a spurious but happy sequence has been given. This spurious sequence has a value—it creates the necessary superficial formal unity; but it need not be stressed, as the Notes stress it. Could one not wholly rely for one's unity,—as Mr. Eliot has largely relied—simply on the dim unity of "personality" which would underlie the retailed contents of a single consciousness? Unless one is going to carry unification very far, weave and interweave very closely, it would perhaps be as well not to unify at all; to dispense, for example, with arbitrary repetitions.

We reach thus the conclusion that the poem succeeds—as it brilliantly does—by virtue of its incoherence, not of its plan; by virtue of its ambiguities, not of its explanations. Its incoherence is a virtue because its 'donnée' is incoherence. Its rich, vivid, crowded use of implication is a virtue, as implication is *always* a virtue;—it shimmers, it suggests, it gives the desired strangeness. But when, as often, Mr. Eliot uses an implication beautifully—conveys by means of a picture-symbol or action-symbol a feeling—we do not require to be told that he had in mind a passage in the Encyclopedia, or the color of his nursery wall; the information is disquieting, has a sour air of pedantry. We "accept" the poem as we would accept a powerful, melancholy tone-poem. We do not want to be told what occurs; nor is it more than mildly amusing to know what passages are, in the Straussian manner, echoes or parodies. We cannot believe that every syllable has an algebraic inevitability, nor would we wish it so. We could dispense with the French, Italian, Latin and Hindu phrases—they are irritating. But when our reservations have all been made, we accept *The Waste Land* as one of the most moving and original poems of our time. It captures us. And we sigh, with a dubious eye on the "notes" and "plan," our bewilderment that after so fine a performance Mr. Eliot should have thought it an occasion for calling "Tullia's ape a marmosyte." Tullia's ape is good enough.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Industrial Aesthetics

Art in Industry, by Charles R. Richards. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

IN 1920, the National Society for Vocational Education, cooperating with the Department of Education of the State of New York, appointed a large staff of experts "to ascertain the situation existing in the art industries of our country as to standards of design and our present degree of dependence on Europe." The report, now published under the direction of Charles R. Richards, appears at first glance to be only another volume of barren statistics, but as a matter of fact, it testifies in cold and devastating form to the appalling absence of utilitarian beauty in America. Professor Richards has assembled the evidence with an honest hand; he has scamped nothing; his English is intelligible; and he has succeeded in relating a huge mass of technical details to a definite thesis. The most important deductions to be drawn from this bitter compendium are as follows: in the aggregate we are, through snobbery and traditional fetishism, subservient to European ideas of culture; since Colonial days America has produced few, if any, objects of original beauty; a large part of our ornamental wares, besides being ill-fashioned, are useless, and are foisted upon the public by commercial cunning; the manufacturer is suspicious of the artist; the national mania for standardization has made the machine triumphant; the art schools are insufficient; the museums inadequate;—But I have gone far enough: the list as it stands is capable of depressing even the staunchest believer in the survival of the crafts.

Professor Richards, however, is a hopeful investigator. He feels that things are ordered much better in Germany, and through one of his deputies appends a most illuminating account of conditions in that country. In a nation territorially smaller than the State of Texas, there are eighty-four distinct industrial art schools so organized as to allow the student to proceed from the training of the provincial academy to the elaborately equipped institutions of the cities. But in all these schools, whether large or small, the student must acquire a thorough knowledge of drawing before engaging to master the technical processes of his chosen craft. Professor Richards is of the opinion that nothing good can come out of America until we have established an equivalent system of schools under municipal or state administration; and as an immediate measure he would prevail upon the manufacturers for subventions.

Much of his reasoning is sensible and convincing. To replace the crafts upon an organic working basis demands, first of all, competent aesthetic instruction; but beautiful buildings and all the patent automatic appurtenances of modern education count for little without the guidance of the true artist. There is the Chicago Art Institute, for instance—big, democratic, magnificently equipped, and situated in the plangent heart of American culture. This institution lays special emphasis on illustration, and undertakes to direct art into fields where accomplishment is gauged by returns in money; but, somehow, its illustrators never become artists—these young men and women are developed into highly specialized mechanics, and after leaving school employ their talents in the manufacture of soap advertisements, bloodless dolls to bedeck the covers of popular magazines, and cigarette-smoking morons for the billboards. And a good deal of the so-called German art,

owing to the pedantic heaviness of the drawing-master, is worthless—it is less offensive than the American brand but hardly more enduring. It is a significant fact that the finest specimens of craftsmanship the world possesses were done under extreme material difficulties with rudimentary tools—the priceless Byzantine objects in the collections of millionaires were executed by slaves.

The problem then would seem to be one of getting the artist into the schools as an instructor, and into the trades as a designer. To do this many obstacles would have to be overcome. The intolerable academic prejudice against everything new and vital has rendered the industrial institutions aesthetically as functionless as the schools of the fine arts, and in addition has encouraged the manufacturer to pay a heavy toll for European designs. The old superstition that the artist is a penniless visionary incapable of practical activity would also have to be uprooted. Occasionally I run across a demented painter who would embroider the symbol of his soul on a woman's dress, but in most cases the genuine artist, if properly stimulated, would produce appropriate and arresting patterns. Gordon Craig, a most fantastic expressionist, tells how he took some of his own designs to a costumer and requested that they be carried out, and how the costumer laughed with scorn, and how he in turn rebuked him and demanded a trial and got it, and how the finished garments turned out to be beautiful and practicable even in the eyes of the intransigent tailor. The trouble is not that we lack artists, but that the artist is too proud to enter the crafts.

This last condition brings to light a strange commentary on the creative vision of the modern painter, and the rebellious blindness of the public and particularly of the manufacturer and the dealer. Everyone, I think, is aware of the world-wide influence of the new art on decoration and applied design. For twenty years or so the various radical schools have been fighting against tremendous odds, and having won the suffrage of an intelligent audience, have gone on about their plastic business. The new movements are already old and sober, and following them we behold a wave of commercial vulgarization. The fashionable magazines are dressed in Cubistic imitations; the cunning illustrators have suddenly "modernized" their cheap conceptions; and the interior decorators have gone mad! And all this at second hand! But there is another side to the question. The psychological interest in abstraction, a Gallic diathesis, has led many painters into a curious preoccupation with materiality, a tendency which has prompted an experimental manipulation of all sorts of media, and has begotten some of the most astonishing technicians in the whole history of art. We have in America today a host of young men competently trained in every branch of art, and gifted with uncanny skill in the handling of textures. These men, instead of hanging ineffectual and unmarketable abstractions on the walls of desolate galleries, should cultivate the crafts. At least three-fourths of the modern artists are craftsmen in the highest sense—artists with a knowledge of the meaning and tradition of art, and at the same time physically equipped to execute their designs in a wide range of materials. If the representatives of the new schools could be persuaded to bury their false pride, I am confident that we should soon see an extraordinary interest in beautiful wares and objects; and the general condition of art would be incalculably benefited. William Morris understood this when he ventured upon his English regeneration, and his influence still lives.

The basis of aesthetic culture begins with the maker of beautiful ornaments and utilitarian objects. Craftsmen are usually humble and decent; they are neither eccentrics nor creatures of genius; they do not profess to be supermen; their productions are intelligible and destined to some place in the world. And what is more important—in time they provide a background from which the great artist emerges, the giant, who, like Michael Angelo, expresses the complex states of the soul.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

Constitutional Interpretation and Misinterpretation

The Constitution of the United States, by Thomas James Norton. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$2.00.

The Constitution of the United States, by James M. Beck. New York: The George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

The Law of the American Constitution, by Charles K. Burdick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00.

ONE of the periodic phenomena of American history is the mystical adulation of the Constitution in the pious faith that it contains in itself the saving grace that will shield the interests of the worshippers from the ambitions of those whose interests are adverse. Self-styled patriotic societies have spent themselves lavishly in expounding the gospel according to Mammon and identifying it with the parchment that came from Philadelphia. On such occasions we seldom hear that our first national government was the offspring of force and violence and that our present Constitution is in a legal sense the offspring of a revolution against its predecessor. It is not emphasized that our constitutional restraints against interference with private property still permit the states to run banks, elevators, warehouses and flour mills, to build and buy and sell homes for citizens, and to impose highly progressive income and inheritance taxes which together with similar exactions by the national government may impress private fortune with a public trust so onerous that the right of private property may be little more than the privilege of serving as a conduit. Such, nevertheless, if not American constitutional ideals, are at least American constitutional possibilities. This, however, is not commonly included in the diet for children and immigrants. Constitutional primers and prayer books are produced diverso intuitu. A nice appraisal of American institutions is not their aim. They seek rather to impress with a constitutional sanctity the tenets of individualism as opposed to those of collectivism, and to exhale a misty conceptualism of abstract freedom and equality quite unmindful of what Mr. Justice Holmes envisages as that "equality of position . . . in which . . . liberty . . . begins."

It is not to be assumed that this mythology is always the product of perversity. Men without their Sinai and Olympus must have their Runnymede and Philadelphia. It is often the worthiest of motives that stirs them to indulge in their rhapsodies "without fear and without research." What we must question is not their character but their intelligence. What we must deny them is not the joy of sincere devotions but the satisfaction of good works. The one-sidedness or

falsity of so many sermons on the Constitution may titillate the exhorters but in the long run they must tend to defeat their aims. The disillusionment which follows false professions breeds a cynicism which robs our Constitution and our polity of the respect which they may justly command. Those who are made to perceive the difficulties and imperfections necessarily inherent in the human enterprise of government and to share the view of Mr. Justice Holmes that the Constitution "is an experiment, as all life is an experiment," are more likely to make good citizens than are their innocent fellows fed on the delusive fable of a perfect state created by the Fathers, which we have only to preserve from change in order to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

Of the three books under review, Mr. Norton's is of the nature of the primer, and Mr. Beck's of the nature of the prayer book. Neither commits the atrocities common to so much that issues from the platform, yet neither betrays any significant insight into life and government under the Constitution. Mr. Norton takes the clauses of the Constitution in their order and follows each with a brief report of its background and its important applications. Mr. Beck prints three lectures on the movement for the Constitution, the proceedings of the convention which framed it, and the so-called political philosophy of the system which it ordained. The lectures were originally delivered in the Hall of Gray's Inn under the auspices of the University of London. On the evidence in the case they were courteously received, for the author tells us that his "surprise and gratification increased on the occasion of each lecture, as the audiences grew in numbers and distinction" and that "many leading jurists and statesmen took more than a mere complimentary interest, and some of them, although pressed with social and public duties, honored me with their attendance at all three lectures." Neither in matter nor in form are the lectures worth the attention of American readers who have at hand such books as Fiske's *The Critical Period* and Farrand's *The Framing of the Constitution*. The one on *The Political Philosophy of the Constitution* is not philosophical; it contents itself with cursory comments on the six "essential principles" of the Constitution: representative government, the federal system, constitutional limitations in favor of individual liberty, an independent judiciary, checks and balances, and the joint power of the Senate and the Executive over foreign relations. To these three Gray's Inn lectures Mr. Beck adds his bar association address on *The Revolt Against Authority* through which he became introduced to readers of the *New Republic*. We find also a copy of a portrait of Mr. Beck in the robes of an honorary bencher of Gray's Inn, a dedication to Hon. Harry M. Daugherty, "a true and loyal friend, a fair and chivalrous foe," and two appendices reprinting the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution and its amendments. Mr. Beck has a flowing style and his lectures were doubtless more or less adequate to the occasions on which they were delivered. With modesty and accuracy he informed the first of his British audiences that his "addresses will be neither as 'deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door.'" This invites a charity which an auditor need not begrudge, but it implies a standard which might well have moved the orator to resist the solicitation of a publisher to preserve his remarks in permanent form.

The want of searching analysis in each of these volumes is illustrated by what is said of the doctrine and practice of judicial review. Mr. Norton tells us that "when the

people express their will in the National Constitution all conflicting expressions of will of an inferior sort go for nothing." The idea that the framers or ratifiers of the Fourteenth Amendment had a will that the states might limit hours of labor in mines but not in bake-shops is too fanciful for refutation. Nor is comment needed on Mr. Beck's declaration that the judiciary can nullify unconstitutional laws only "when there is an irreconcilable and indubitable repugnancy between a law and the Constitution." There is myopic parochialism in Mr. Norton's assertion that "to the extent that other countries have failed to follow the Constitution of the United States their governmental structures are weak." Mr. Beck's zeal sometimes leads him into elementary inaccuracy. In support of his avowal that "my country was founded upon the rock of property rights and the sanctity of contracts," he states that "both the nation and the several States are forbidden to impair the obligation of contracts." No such clause restrains the national government, as the Supreme Court had occasion to point out in cases on the Legal Tender Acts and the national bankruptcy laws. We may question, too, whether Mr. Beck is wholly trustworthy when he calls the conception of individualism "the distinguishing characteristic of American constitutionalism." This depends upon the connotation of "constitutionalism." The Constitution itself "does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics," as landlords have lately learned. It should not be assumed, however, that Mr. Beck thinks of the Constitution as wholly static. His idea seems to be that while it does not move forward or backward, it jiggles up and down. As he puts it:

The Constitution is neither, on the one hand, a Gibraltar rock, which wholly resists the ceaseless washing of time or circumstance, nor is it, on the other hand, a sandy beach, which is slowly destroyed by the erosion of the waves. It is rather to be likened to a floating dock, which, while firmly attached to its moorings, and not therefore the caprice of the waves, yet rises and falls with the tide of time and circumstance.

Mr. Burdick's book is of an entirely different order. It is a careful and uncommonly accurate summary of the decisions of the Supreme Court, appropriately arranged under the heads of the various powers of government and the constitutional limitations thereon. On such matters as the powers of the president and the character and organization of Congress and other topics on which practice rather than judicial interpretation is the major guide, Mr. Burdick presents the picture of our institutions as they have behaved. For the most part he refrains from praise or blame, content to report official adjudication or practice. His contribution from outside the material traditionally recognized as "legal" is chiefly from history. Of economic or philosophical analysis there is comparatively little. Some severe self-restraint was essential to the achievement of putting the meat of two hundred and fifty volumes of reports into a single text of some six hundred pages. Obviously such a work as Mr. Burdick's is not complete. The lay reader as he follows the succinct statements of what the Constitution has been held to permit or to forbid must find himself often curious as to the various considerations which underlie the results set forth. Yet he will become aware that the meaning of the Constitution is seldom definite or settled but for the most part finds form and content only in the never-ending process of "judicial inclusion and exclusion." He will not escape with the notions that statutes are annulled only when their

repugnancy to the Constitution is indubitable and that courts do nothing but ascertain the will of the progenitors of the instrument which they have to construe and apply. Mr. Burdick's book will not give, as Mr. Norton professes to give, to "children in school, such a knowledge of the Constitution of the United States as will serve in emergency as a 'first line of defence,'" but it will convince their elders of the futility of such a task in so far as its point of departure is the language of the Constitution with the interpretations and glosses put upon it. Notwithstanding the directing and restraining influence of our fundamental law, the spirit and the functioning of American institutions can be but dimly perceived by conning law books. Mr. Burdick makes no false professions. He has given us an admirable handbook for use of students in connection with lectures or study of judicial opinions. For those whose formal student days are receding he has provided a lucid and reliable manual that brings the data down to date. Just what his book will bring to those who unaided face constitutional law for the first time, it is harder to say. Its medicine is a welcome antidote to the noxious nostrums of constitutional primers and prayer-books, but of necessity it is far from an elixir of complete comprehension and wisdom. No such elixir has yet been discovered, but we know at least that it must be compounded of analysis and appraisal of the interests and enterprises and relationships with which law deals and not merely of the law's ways of dealing with them. Here is work for generations of experts in many fields. In the restricted but difficult task which Mr. Burdick has set for himself he has achieved a success which makes his volume supplant all predecessors in its particular function.

THOMAS REED POWELL.

Mystery at Geneva

Mystery at Geneva: an improbable tale of singular happenings, by Rose Macaulay, author of Dangerous Ages, Potterism, etc. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.75.

IN an introductory Note Miss Macaulay assures us that although *Mystery at Geneva* "has for its setting an imaginary session of the League of Nations Assembly," it "is in no sense a study of, still less a skit on, actual conditions at Geneva." That is true enough, after a fashion. To call her story a "study" of anything might be to raise fears which its quick-witted comedy and its lightness of heart will not satisfy. But it is a skit. Not on actual conditions at Geneva, at least not in so far as they differ from conditions which are actual wherever talking animals congregate, yet all the more a skit on the language habit, on self-deceptiveness, on party spirit.

The Geneva correspondent of the British Bolshevik, Mr. Henry Beechtree, is describing the difference between it and the *Daily Sale*, "a paper to which the British Bolshevik was politically opposed but temperamentally sympathetic; they had the same cosy, chatty touch on life." "But," Henry says to the *Daily Sale* correspondent, "but we lie about points of fact because our principles are true. They're so true that everything has to be made to square with them. If you notice, our principles affect *all* our facts. Yours don't, quite all. You'd report the bus accident from pure love of sensation. We, in reporting it, would prove that it happened because buses aren't nationalized, or because the driver was underpaid, or the fares too high, or because

coal has gone up more than wages, or something true of that sort. We waste nothing; we use all that happens."

With all his practical unwisdom, Mr. Henry Beechtree, who may conveniently be called the hero of this story without one, falls ever so naturally into this vein of ineffectual perspicacity. His sad lucidity of soul is wholly his own. The delegate from Paraguay warns him to be prepared, in a certain event, for the imputation of prejudice. Henry admits that "it would be not unjustified. My paper is prejudiced. So am I. To be prejudiced is the privilege of the thinking human being. After all, we are not animals, to judge everything by its smell and taste as it comes before us, irrespective of preconceived theories. The open mind is the empty mind. The pre-judgment is often the deliberate and considered judgment, based on reason, whereas the post-judgment is a hasty makeshift affair, based on the impressions of the moment. Fortunately, however, the two are apt, in the same mind, to concur—"

How the two concur, and what comes of their concurrence, *Mystery at Geneva* tells us, and the "meaning" of the book—Miss Macaulay says it hasn't any—is that the will to believe may lead us with equal facility into vain repetitions or into tight places. She tells us, besides, that her "book is simply a straightforward mystery story," but of course she knows better than that. It differs from the staple mystery story in several ways. It is bright with wit and with common sense, it scores off human behavior again and again with a kind of extra-dry exuberance, its gay and quiet transition from mystery to farce is a delight instead of a disappointment to its readers. And inside this titular mystery Miss Macaulay has placed another and a subtler, which I for one never suspected until she chose to put an end to it, when at once I recollected a dozen of the hints that she had given me and that I wasn't clever enough to take. How she put her trust in my obtuseness, and how justifiably! To recollect these hints is to have a foretaste of an amusement that re-reading will heighten. Not for five years or so can I say what I think of *Mystery at Geneva*, and then only by counting the times I've re-read it.

Q. K.

Rodó's Ariel

Ariel, by José Enrique Rodó, translated, with an introductory essay, by F. J. Stimson. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

THERE are a good many reasons for reading José Enrique Rodó's *Ariel*. The author was a distinguished South American contemporary: his mind was an interesting facet of a greater European mind: he reflected upon the posture of civilization in the American continents. And because these reasons are all good and sufficient let me save the reader disappointment by saying at the outset what *Ariel* is not: it is not an original contribution to thought. The pleasure of reading *Ariel* is the pleasure of hearing a number of old and beloved themes woven into a familiar pattern; it is the quiet delight of reading *Pickwick Papers* for the tenth time rather than the excitement of reading *James Joyce* for the first.

Ariel is cast in the form of a discourse, delivered by the master, Prospero, to a group of pupils who are departing from his lofty hall of study "after a long year of task work." The binding idea of the discourse is the humanist vision of life—the belief in a complete spiritual develop-

ment, which the master opposes to the brutal materialism of the Calibans and the scarcely less brutal "spirituality" of those clipped Ariels who are called specialists or professional men. The master warns his young men that "over all the inclinations which may bind you severally to different tasks and ways of life, you should guard in your inner soul the consciousness of the fundamental unity of our nature, which demands that every human being be, above and before all, the unspoiled pattern of a man in whom no noble faculty of the mind be obliterated. . . ." Prospero goes on to discuss the preservation of the integrity of the inner life, and the necessity for cultivating a sense of the beautiful; and on both of these themes his counsels are those of perfection; for he is content to indicate the City of the Ideal without pointing out the roads that lead into it. "In a soul which has been the object of a harmonious and perfect culture, the inner grace and fineness of the sentiment of the beautiful will be the same thing with the strength and straightness of reason." The antagonist of this ideal is utilitarianism, and the very incarnation of it is the United States. So by an easy transition the master descends to workaday affairs; and for the rest of the discourse he attempts to characterize the conflict that is taking place between Caliban and Ariel, between the mellow civilization of the past, and the rough "Babbittism" of the modern world.

I skip over the theme of Rodó's little work in a paragraph because, as I have hinted, its argument is a common one in the literature of the last century, and neither in idea nor in manner of statement does it really offer anything that is not thoroughly familiar to a reader of Emerson, Renan, Matthew Arnold, Lowes Dickinson or Havelock Ellis. (In the sanity, grace and equability of his mind, Rodó is perhaps nearer to Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Ellis than to any of the earlier writers.) If they come to Rodó's work fresh, young people will probably find themselves filled with a warm if somewhat diffused and uncertain enthusiasm for noble things; and therefore Rodó's book, in Mr. Stimson's melodious translation, will make an excellent contribution to the library shelves of those western colleges where, I am told, Justice and Liberty is worn to rattiness by constant use. Rodó's reflections are, in the best sense, the platitudes of a mature mind: and a contact with these worked-over perceptions and judgments is perhaps the best opening for a firsthand encounter with the masters who formed Rodó himself.

What is possibly of more immediate and tangible interest than Rodó's ideas is the groundwork upon which they have been reared. Far more richly than any American contemporary that I can name offhand, Rodó endowed himself with the cultures of the ancient world and its modern European and English-speaking stocks, so that without the sense of immature self-consciousness which one sometimes feels in Thoreau, Rodó can quote Shakespeare and Plato and Goethe, Helvetius and Emerson and Renan, with just that allusiveness which indicates that the thought of these masters has been absorbed into his mind, and does not remain on the top layer, so to say, as a "quotation." In short, you can point to Rodó and say without reserve: This is how the mind of a cultured man conducts itself.

Even when Rodó stylizes his portrait of the United States, the monster of utilitarianism, and forgets that there is not one America but a hundred, there is a clarity in his errors which makes them almost as valuable as his sounder judgments. It is true that Rodó's essay creates a mood of spiritual expansion, a yearning after beauty, and

a feeling of intellectual exaltation which, in the nature of things, dissipate themselves and return to that eternal sink of good intentions, at zero absolute, where so many hopes and inspirations finally go. But it is not true to say that Rodó's discourse leads nowhere; for it leads back to Rodó himself, and he that touches Ariel touches a man.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

A Gift Book for My Mother

A Gift Book for My Mother, by Harrison Rhodes. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

WHEN we are very young our past belongs to the grown-up people about us, and we ask them: did I do this? have I been there? As we grow older we enter into possession of our own past, and enjoy many unshared memories. But as we get older still, there comes a time when we realize that hardly anyone remembers the background of our early youth—not husband or wife or children or the friends of the last ten or twenty years—and that this picture, so interesting and significant, is about to perish with us. Then, most of us—particularly those of us who are writers—desire to preserve it, to set it down. The books that result from this impulse are about the most interesting that are written, for they have the emotion and sincerity of autobiography, without its egotism.

Harrison Rhodes's is such a book—the annals of his youth grouped naturally about his mother. It would not have been written at all, probably, but for her death, yet there is none of that insufferable condescension of the living, which makes so many people alter their voices and prefix a patronizing "poor" to the name of the beloved dead. Mr. Rhodes reminisces with as much humor and robust affection as if he were speaking in the presence of a mother accustomed to being a little laughed at, as well as continuously loved.

It is not apparently in the mores of book-reviewers at present to remark that a book is well written. I hesitated to say it, because I remember a steamer acquaintance who once described a book to me as "clever but interesting." That suggestive conjunction has haunted all my subsequent criticism with the fear that most people think of finespun, Pateresque phrases when they hear a book called well written.

In speaking of a picture of his mother, Mr. Rhodes says:

She is in a marvellous dress of black silk (I hope it would "stand alone") with a neat, tight-fitting bodice and a great beautifully *bouffant* skirt of great puffs and cascades and Heaven knows what. Her hair is a marvel of puffs, too, and curls and ringlets, and she stands in a pose of incomparable elegance by a proudly isolated "pedestal," crowned by what would seem to be a gas jet in a lovely globe. This is perhaps forty years ago, and yet, if I did not know her, and you asked me to believe that she was, say the Empress of the Brazils in the eighteenth century, I should.

That seems to me to be well written. A teacher of freshman English would probably red-ink those two "greats" so close together, and the "marvel" and "marvellous" within a few lines. But it does exactly what the author set out to do—to give a perfect picture in words as natural to him as if he were speaking. In fact it indicates a competent familiarity with his own language

which makes you think that, if you should ever be fortunate enough to meet Mr. Rhodes, you would find him a person who in talking conveyed his ideas, not in slang, gestures or incomplete sentences, but in good English.

He understands sequence and arrangement, too—construction, as the stage rather portentously calls it. He is, for instance, careful to set before us the certain, solid affection of his parents for each other before he suddenly introduces us to the fact that his father had been married before, and his mother romantically engaged to Augustus W., whose dashing colored portrait hung in the upper hallway. The result is that the knowledge comes to us with almost the same interesting shock with which as a boy it came to him. Thus, under the gentle annalist appears the dramatist's experience in telling a story.

Perhaps the most flattering thing to say about the book is that it makes us feel every one of us could sit down and write just such another about our mother. Not until we try shall we know what a very good book this is.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

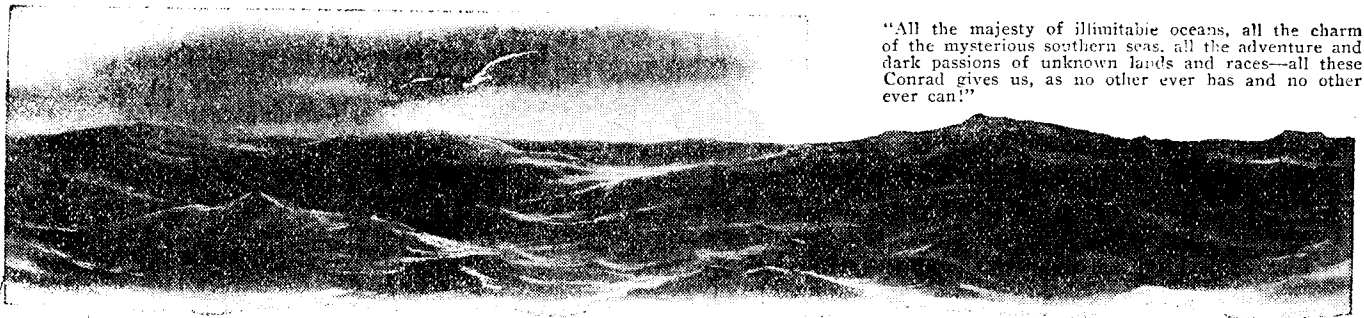
The Turn of the Tide in Lincoln Literature

The Real Lincoln: A Portrait, by Jesse W. Weik. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

Lincoln: An Account of His Personal Life, Especially of Its Springs of Action as Revealed and Deepened by the Ordeal of War, by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.

THE simultaneous appearance of these books marks the ending of collecting Lincolniana and the beginning of selection from this completed mass of incident and utterance. Nothing could better indicate that the evidence is virtually all in than Mr. Weik's volume. The bulk of this volume by the well-known collaborator of Herndon's *Life of Lincoln* is composed of slightly variant versions of Herndon's manuscript and of the footnotes of the former volume now raised to the deserved dignity of a text. The original material, though interesting, merely outlines a little more distinctly certain specific patches of an already well-known background—the life at Springfield with Mrs. Lincoln, the Hanks family, the law cases, the law circuit. The most important addition is the re-appearance of the suppressed word "illegitimate" in Lincoln's reminiscences of his beloved mother. Mr. Stephenson's volume is not without its own original material. Indeed in reproducing a portrait of Mr. Lincoln in his later life in the possession of Mr. Bruce of Clinton, New York, it has conferred a rare boon upon Americans. But it is primarily an interpretation of Lincoln's character and development. One compares it involuntarily with Charnwood's and finds it unexpectedly sustaining that high test.

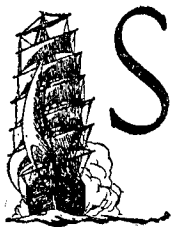
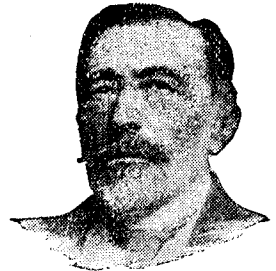
The conclusions of Lord Charnwood are concurred in very largely by Mr. Stephenson but with him they are not conclusions so much as incidental opinions. Lord Charnwood stands outside of Lincoln and with open mind and occasional deep eloquence presents him to us. Mr. Stephenson attempts a harder task—he seeks to stand within Lincoln, to let us look out with him rather than down or up upon him. His measure of success is gratifying. He has mastered the material: every statement made is supported by an authority referred to in the appendix. It is



"All the majesty of illimitable oceans, all the charm of the mysterious southern seas, all the adventure and dark passions of unknown lands and races—all these Conrad gives us, as no other ever has and no other ever can!"

"How I envy those who are reading him for the first time"

The romantic story of Joseph Conrad, a Polish sailor who could not even speak English until past twenty—yet now acclaimed by other writers themselves as "the greatest living master of English fiction."



SOMEWHERE Conrad himself has told his story. When he was a little boy in Poland he once put his finger on a map and said: "I shall go there!" He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. And years later he went to the Congo. He had a longing for the sea, this sensitive lad, child of an inland race. He made his way to Marseilles and shipped as a cabin-boy on a sailing vessel. For twenty-five years thereafter the open sea was his home. . . . There is no space here to tell the amazing narrative of his life, except one extraordinary part of it. Until he was past twenty, he had never spoken a word of English. Nor did he write a story until he was over thirty. Yet today this former impressionable little Polish cabin-boy is acclaimed—not merely by the public, but by other writers themselves—as *the foremost living English novelist*.

Read, in the panel at the right, what other authors say about this great master. These, as you can see, are men of distinction, who weigh their words. And all over the world, tens of thousands of Conrad lovers echo their seemingly uncontrollable praise.

Here, Surely, Is Genius!

What magic is there in Conrad to account for this unexampled enthusiasm? If you have not read Conrad, it is impossible to tell you. His books, as one critic says, are quite indescribable.

In his clear, free style, he is reminiscent of a great Frenchman like de Maupassant; in his insight into the tragic human emo-

tions he is as discerning as Dostoyevsky. He is as subtle as Henry James in his artistry; yet the life he depicts—the life mostly of outcasts, wanderers, and adventurers in the farthest places of the earth—is as glamorous with Romance as anything Kipling ever wrote. And all over his works lies the brooding majesty of the ocean—or the mystic beauty of the isles of the South Sea! It is an astonishing combination of gifts. No wonder Hugh Walpole burst out, after reading one of Conrad's novels: "Here, surely, if ever, is genius!"

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No one ever reads only *one* book of Conrad. Once they start, they get the "Conrad fever." For no other living writer has there been such a spontaneous demand for a "subscription set." Conrad's publishers, accordingly, are now offering ten of his greatest novels—at a special low price—so that every Conrad lover may have them. This set includes: *The Rescue*; *Youth*; *Chance*; *Victory*; *Typhoon*; *Lord Jim*; *Almayer's Folly*; *The Arrow of Gold*; *An Outcast of the Islands*; *The Shadow Line*.

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John Galsworthy says:

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"One of my claims to distinction is that I wrote the first long appreciation of Conrad's works."

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Rex Beach says:

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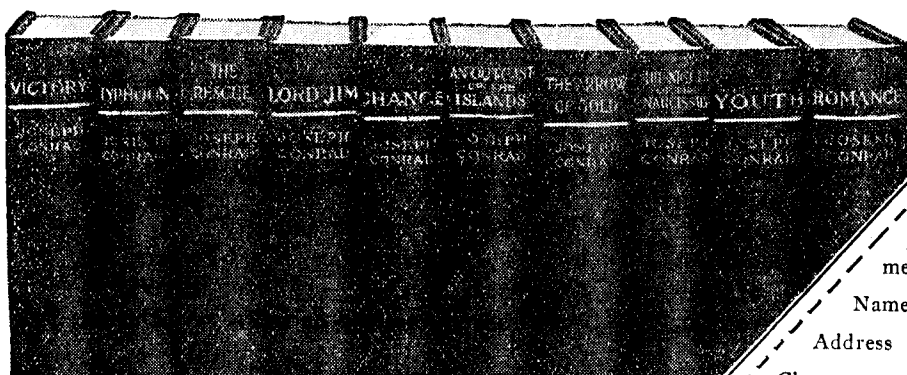
"In all his novels there is a harmony of tone absolutely orchestral in effect."

John Macy says:

"Except Hardy, no living author has inspired among fellow-craftsmen such unanimous and sincere enthusiasm."

—and enough additional words of praise, similar to these, could be added, to fill this issue of The New Republic Magazine.

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Please send me for five days' free examination, charges prepaid, the ten volumes of Joseph Conrad. I will either return the set within 5 days or send you \$1 as a first payment, and \$2 a month for nine months, making a total of \$19. (Deduct 5 per cent if full payment is made in advance.)

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thus possible for a well-informed reader to weigh the credibility of each incident. And yet this vast material rarely disturbs the personal drama which the author evolves. Only in the last third of the book is the tortuous channel of the dramatic thought occasionally clogged by factual weeds. It is a book which while it carries you into a period of stirring events, never drifts into the bayous, which spread invitingly on all sides. It is one of the rare biographical works, too, which while taking toll of every circumstance does so only for spiritual profit. Even in the personal realm a rewarding distinction is observed between the inner and the outer. "The infallible side (of Lincoln) was intellectual: outwardly in action he was learning the new task hesitatingly, with vacillation. Inevitably he was two people: he passed back and forth from one to the other: only by degrees did he bring the two together." "Lincoln the thinker asked no advice; it was Lincoln the administrator, painfully learning a new trade, who was timid, wavering, pliable in council." And for Mr. Stephenson, the nature and extent of Lincoln's self-reliance set the main problem for solution and determine the rather "purple" divisions of the book: Foundations, Promises, Confusions, Audacities, Victory. He is interested chiefly in the slow process by which Lincoln's consciousness of authority spreads itself from thought to administration. In the long period of Confusions from March 1861 to June 1862 the thinker is dependent in action upon generals and cabinets. In the too cleanly severed period of Audacities and Victory he dares decide upon the means as well as the end of the nation's struggle. Only after the unexpected visit to Scott at West Point is the ghost of the unstable Thomas Lincoln at last laid: only then does "Lincoln emerge."

Rising in the mysteries and tenderness and strength of the forest, dependent upon himself, brooding deeply on limited human material, the "artist in politics," accustomed to slow and wide thought, "tenaciously cumulative" of experience, yet stretching forth for social enrichment, finds himself committed to the "abstract idea which Jefferson introduced into a mere revolution," "the *white-man's* charter of freedom that all men are created free and equal" and gives himself to the task, first of holding that charter free from ridicule, then of reaffirming it and finally of extending it at once, contrary to his own volition and assertions, over the territories of the aristocracy he had supposed must be suffered a good while longer. And so we are brought under the enduring fascination of this wise plebeian, conservative in the fibre of his being and in the motives which roused his energies, forced to adopt radical methods and to achieve a large portion of his fame by a proclamation of emancipation foreign to his temper and thought, issued as a check on the "Vindictives" on the Republican Right, as a checkmate to the recognition of the Confederacy by European powers, as a declaration of the rights of the National Executive, as a concession to popular demands which might give him support for a conciliatory treatment of the Southern whites, who were more upon his mind—and perhaps upon his heart—than the Negroes whom it freed.

Mr. Stephenson refuses to idealize Lincoln: he reveres him too much. He traces the origin, changes and progress of his thought, he designates him as wag rather than wit, he confesses him to be "no more than an amateur in strategy," he intimates how his primitive grossness was shed as he advanced into painful responsibilities. He pictures him as a man of the Centre, yet "a sensitive man,

neither scientist nor poet in the midst of a night of stars." He stands forth not as a chivalrous knight but as the world's supreme example of magnanimity in statecraft, growing at the same time in self-confidence and forbearance.

Large was his soul: as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;

.....
So low, that for me too it made a room.

There are unfortunate misprints on pages 182, 200, 214, 246, 249, 297, 380, 458 and, we feel no doubt, on page 376. But more important than these are the many bits of suggestive writing such as "The camp meeting [of the forest] degenerated into a picnic"; "Abolition, the illegitimate child of Calvinism and the Rights of Man"; "Companionship at Springfield led to influence, at Washington only to applause"; "Destruction for the idea, infinite clemency for the person"; "Chase never gave his complete confidence even to his diary"; "Along with his overmastering kindness, Lincoln had something of the objectivity of a natural force. It was the mood attained by a few extraordinary men, who without becoming egoists no longer distinguish between themselves and circumstance."

A. W. VERNON.

The Fruit of the Tree, by Hamilton Fyfe. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

THE Fruit of the Tree has the makings of a gorgeous farce of the Shavian order. To gain a topsy-turvy situation in which everybody has need of divorce and nobody wants it, Mr. Fyfe has reduced his women to the lowest terms. With divorce, Tanstead would lose his profession and his Aspasia (his legal wife), Margaret would lose the sole management of her children, and Muriel would be out of a really entertaining modum vivendi. Why change? But the bull's-eye is too neatly hit.

M. A.

Books of the Month

The Interpreters
by A. E. (Macmillan; \$1.75)

Mystery at Geneva
by Rose Macaulay. (Boni; \$1.75)

The Press and the Organization of Society
by Norman Angell.
(London: The Labor Press; 3s 6d)

La Nouvelle Revue Française: Janvier, 1923. Hommage à Marcel Proust, 1871-1922: Souvenirs, L'Oeuvre, Témoignages
Comtesse de Noailles, Maurice Barrès, Leon Daudet, Robert Proust, Lucien Daudet, Philippe Soupault, Jean Cocteau, Valéry Larbaud, Paul Morand, Paul Valéry, André Gide, J. Middleton Murry et al. (Paris: 4 francs 50)

The Twelve-Hour Shift in Industry
by the Committee on Work-Periods in Continuous Industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies. (Dutton; \$3.50)

Black Oxen
by *Gertrude Atherton*. (Boni; \$2.00)

A. W. VERNON is professor of biography at Carleton College.

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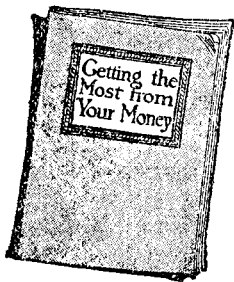
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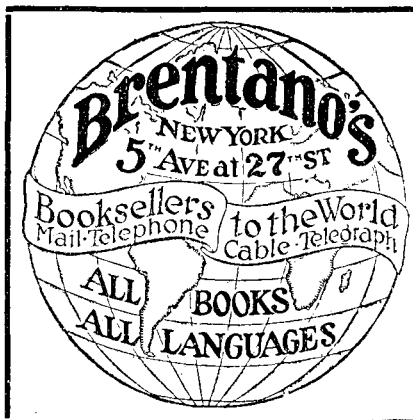
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